

THE SUPERB CHRISTMAS "WAR CRY" WILL BE OUR NEXT EDITION.

THE WAR CRY



AND OFFICIAL GAZETTE OF THE SALVATION ARMY IN CANADA, NORTH-WEST AMERICA, AND NEWFOUNDLAND.

15th Year. No. 12.

WILLIAM BOOTH,
General.

TORONTO, DECEMBER 17, 1898.

EVANGELINE BOOTH,
Commissioner.

Price, 5 Cents.



VERILY, VERILY, I SAY UNTO YOU EXCEPT A CORN OF WHEAT FALL INTO THE GROUND, AND DIE, IT ABIDETH ALONE BUT IF IT DIE IT BRINGETH FORTH MUCH FRUIT.

FOR THE EARTH BRINGETH FORTH FRUIT OF HERSELF. FIRST THE BLADE, THEN THE EAR, AFTER THAT THE FULL CORN.

I AM THE VINE, YE ARE THE BRANCHES. HE THAT ABIDETH IN ME, AND I IN HIM, THE SAME BRINGETH FORTH MUCH FRUIT: FOR WITHOUT ME YE CAN DO NOTHING.

Modern Book of Proverbs

Collected by Solomon Smal.

III.—FRENCH PROVERBS.

He who grasps all, loses all.
Charity is the first of virtues.
All dogs that bark do not bite.
Patience is a key to every door.
Contentment is better than riches.
Two securities are better than one.
Idleness is the mother of all vices.
Kindness works better than violence.
To love is good, to be loved is better.
To promise is good—to give is better.
An old friend is always a new friend.
It is only the first step that costs one most.
He has nothing, he who never has enough.
Small things often produce great things.

The hand that hates work brings poverty.
The company of a wise man is a treasure.
Politeness is often but iron plated with gold.
He who wishes to go far takes care of his horse.
Flies are caught with honey, never with vinegar.

Running is no use to the one that starts too late.

Wit may go quicker than the heart. It never goes as far.

A dumb man's tongue is better than the one of a liar.

Flatterers live at the expense of those who listen to them.

Time and patience do more than strength and fury.

The education we give to others is a profit to ourselves.

Never lie, even in laughing or to divert yourself; it is dangerous.

To look down on one's self, and not above, is the secret to be happy.

The happiness and misfortune of a man depends as much on his temper as on his fortune.

Your secret is your slave if you keep it for yourself, you are his slave if you make it known.



VIRTUE FISHER.

Bonavista, Nfld.

A War Cry Trustler.
One of the few that are reported from that island occasionally.

TRUTH.

By SOPH.

A great profession and little possession of Grace is like letting a silk trail drag in the dust to hide the hole in your stocking.

Little profession and great possession is like putting an electric light into a cupboard.

Speak only of things you possess, and be certain you possess the things you speak of.

Some people desire holiness but are not willing to make the sacrifice to obtain it, yet they testify to it, because they think the desire is as good as possession.

There is no influence so powerful as truthfulness; once you are known as a truthful man there is no limitation to your influence over all men.

"An Prince thou hast power over God and man," was said to Jacob when he had changed from the supplanter into a truthful man.

To be truthful you need not be rude, and to avoid being rude you need not flatter. Be truthful first, then be courteous, civil, kind and considerate.

Music and Song.

Take Them Away from the Devil.

By W. F. F.

(Concluded.)

As the meeting progresses a solo may be sung. With regard to this (a) The leader should, as before stated, choose both the solo and the singer.

(b) The song should be suitable to the character of the meeting, and, if possible, bearing upon the subject dealt with.

(c) It should be a song with a good chorus, which goes with a swing, and one that is known or can very quickly be learnt.

If this is not the case, a well-known chorus should be tackled on, care being taken that the words are suitable to the verses, and that it goes well in the same key.

To render a solo with effect the following rules should be observed:

(a) A solo singer should learn his words off by heart.

(b) Let the words be distinctly heard.

(c) Give every word its due importance. Don't hurry or gabble over a song, but take time to drive every word home.

(d) Sing with feeling. Let those who listen realize that the song is the breathing out of your soul for their

only as it sets off the main idea of the painting, the centrepiece of the work of art. Its end is defeated if it detracts from the song and the truths contained in the words, to itself.

A lady accompanied by her servant, or a youth by his dog, are illustrations of what is meant by accompaniment.

There are two points in which the accompaniment should be subservient to the singing:

1.—In volume of sound.

2.—In time.

The best instruments for the accompaniment of solos are:

(a) Stringed instruments, as the piano, harp, violin (with its family), autoharp, banjo, guitar, zither, mandolin, etc.

(b) Reed and wood instruments, as the pipe organ, American organ, harmonium, concertina, clarinet, flute, bassoon, etc.

Brass instruments are unsuitable, except when played softly in a large building where the singer has a voice sufficiently powerful to predominate, or where their sound is softened by the use of mutes.

I consider the best accompaniments are possible with a mixed orchestra.

Care should be taken that the instruments are in tune, both with themselves and with each other.

Where the singer gets flat or sharp to the instruments, and they are of such a nature that they cannot produce any lesser tone than semitones, the accompaniment should cease till the singer rises or falls, as the case may be, to the next key, or goes back to his original key.

Gerilla Regis Prodeunt, Fulget Turris Anglerium.
(PROCESSIONAL.)

Here a band of pilgrims lowly,
Glad we turn our willing feet
To the Heavenly Canaan holy,
There our glorious King to greet;
On the cross for us once bleeding,
On the throne, now interceding,
While against our ancient foe,
Forth the royal banners go!

Strikes the hour of grievous trial,
Satan's hordes are closing round,
Soon shall slip the final veil,
Soon the last dread trump shall sound!

Midnight shades yet darker growing,
Herald dawn with glory glowing,
While against our ancient foe,
Forth the royal banners go!

Though against the Rock of Ages,
Way do we blunder and beat our
But in vain hell's tempest rages,
Each true heart shall win the goal;
Waiting, we see Jesus seated,
Triumphant he is coming,
While against our ancient foe,
Forth the royal banners go!

So, in faith, triumphant singing,
Onward moves the Christian host,
God Triune his homage bringing—
Father, Son and Holy Ghost:

See! On high the CROSS is raised,
Chanting loud the victim's praises,
While against our ancient foe,
Forth the royal banners go!

Amen!

An article on music would not be complete without some reference to the drum.

Its uses are:

(a) As a church bell, to call the people to worship.

(b) It has a power of attracting especially the "lost," whom the Army is sent to seek and to save.

It first used in the Army, was to keep the singing of the long processions of soldiers in good time, for which it answered admirably.

The drum should never be used during solo singing, as when used in the absence of a band to accompany congregational singing, it should be beaten

in the softest manner possible. When used with a band, it should be subservient to the band in volume of sound.

When used as a call to worship without music or singing, it might be beaten as loud as desired.



Seventy-two per cent. of the Spanish people cannot read or write.

In proportion to its size, a fly walks thirteen times as fast as a man can run.

Telephone lines use 12,000,000 pounds of copper yearly.

It takes 72,000 tons of paper to make the post cards used in England each year.

It is calculated that there is always 1,200,000 people afloat on the seas of the world.

The swallow has a larger mouth in proportion to its size than any other bird.

The yield of oats in Ontario the past season, according to the report of the Department of Agriculture, has been \$6,853,203 bushels.

It is estimated that since the beginning of the historical era thirteen million people have perished in earthquakes.

There are 256 railway stations within a six-mile radius of St. Paul's Cathedral, London, Eng. whilst within a twelve-mile radius there are nearly 400.

A medical paper says that in railway collisions nearly all the passengers who are asleep escape the bad effects of shaking and concussion, nature's own anaesthetic preserving them.

Last year 825,000 persons were employed in the mines and quarries of the United Kingdom. The annual output of coal is about 200,000,000 tons.

In France the oxen that work in the fields are regularly sung to as encouragement to exertion, and no peasant has the slightest doubt but that the animals listen to him with pleasure.

A subterranean city exists in Galicia, Austria, Poland, which contains a population of over 1,000 men, women, and children, many of whom have never seen the light of day.

It is said that the longest telephone line in the world is the one between San Diego, Cal., and Nelson, N. C. It covers 2,225 miles.

MANUFACTURED ICE.—In Iowa every town of any size has its own ice-factory, some of them capable of turning out 500 to 1,000 tons of ice a day. And the same thing holds good in Egypt and the Southern States of America.

HOW LONDON LIVES.—There are, according to the latest returns, at present in London 37,000 people living five in one room; 17,000 people living six in one room; 6,500 living seven in one room; 1,500 living eight in one room; 22,000 living eight in two rooms, and 14,000 nine in two rooms.

Queen Wilhelmina of Holland is a firm believer in and a stout supporter of the Salvation Army. She and her mother regularly send generous checks to the organization to further the work in Holland, and in its colonies.

NOTICE.

Christmas Cheer for the Sick, Sad, and Sinful.

We are very anxious to bring a little joy into the hearts of those who languish on beds of affliction, and those who are incarcerated within prison walls.

The Christmas Cry will be a means of blessing and joy giving to its readers. The Commissioner is very anxious to place a copy on every hospital bed, and in every prison cell, and to reach regularly and cheerfully for this purpose. Remember the promise, "Inasmuch as ye did it unto the least of these, ye did it unto Me."

Kindly send remittances at once to Miss Booth or Mrs. Read, marked "Christmas Cry Fund."

The League of Mercy.

Knights of Hope and Sisters of Charity.

A wheel within a great wheel, was a description recently given the League of Mercy; strictly speaking, the League was organized to better perform a certain branch of Army work and to more extensively utilize especially our married women officers and soldiers, although others are not excluded.

"The Field Commissioner is exceedingly anxious that the League of Mercy should be thoroughly organized and extended into every city and town

Although the weather was very disagreeable, I went to my appointment with the assurance of having a good congregation, which is more than many officers can do on a rainy Sunday. At the Prison nearly four hundred prisoners assembled in the spacious hall, rather too spacious and bare to promote an "at home" feeling. The prison choir had selected several hymns, and with the accompaniment of the organ, the singing went admirably well. The congregation indulged in an audible smile when I informed them that one of the ordinary features of a Salvation Army meeting, the collection, would be dispensed with on that occasion. They gave splendid attention and manifested every sign of interest.

many others right down to late converts, are taking a most active part in the League of Mercy meetings, said Mrs. Read.

The League, of course, differs in its mode of operations in different places. As much as possible we use musical instruments to assist in the meetings, as music is especially appreciated by the inmates of the Jails, Reformatorys, Poor Houses, Hospitals, etc. The Police Courts are also visited regularly. In some places the authorities telephone us whenever they have a likely case come up.

The figures for the years are certainly very encouraging. Eighty-seven names are now enrolled as bonafide members who visit forty-three institutions regularly every week. During the past twelve months nine thousand four hundred and nine people have been read, prayed with and talked to about their souls, and it is cheering to record that one hundred and four out of this number have professed conversion.

of my soul. You will hear from me again and will learn my name later.

(Signed) Prison Cell No. —.
P. S.—Please excuse paper, but it is all we can get here. Praise God for it.

JUST AS I AM.

"Just as I am," a soldier sang;
Her voice was soft, and pure, and sweet;
"Just as I am," her slight hands fell
And touched the rich chords tenderly.
"Just as I am," a slumber stood,
His head was bowed in crimson through,
While all his wretched, sinful life
Before his startled vision came.
"Just as I am," before him stood
A comrade brave, saved through and through,
"A guilty soul," he groaned in shame,
"Just such a man I might be, too."
"Just as I am," his wife was there,
His faithful wife and children there,
Guilty and helpless there he knelt,
And cried aloud, "Without one plea,"
"But that Thy Blood was shed for me,"
How glad the message, how complete;
"O Lamb of God, I come!" he cried,
And prostrate fell at Jesus' feet.

WAR AT BROOKLYN, B.C.

Collecting Souls and Money for the Kingdom.

Brooklyn does not do anything by halves. A few days ago while in Nelson, Capt. Fisher arranged that Bro. and Sister Frost should come up to assist us in S.-D. collecting and hold meetings.

I said, "I have a friend we must capture for the Lord." We held meetings two evenings. Interest in giving was, as it always is in Brooklyn, good. Sister Frost's singing and talking for Jesus held the people spellbound.

We held a little meeting the next afternoon at my house, with a view of getting my friend and his chum saved, but apparently had no success.

After a lunch our work for Jesus continued with telling effect.

Our brothers were with us at the evening meeting, my unsaved friend accompanying with his violin.

There was deep feeling, but no one took up their cross to follow Jesus. Meeting over, our friends were going to the hotel, but they accepted my invitation to come to my place.

Hot coals and the fight to the finish began. We prayed and sang in faith, as we surely never did before.

Our brothers went like babes, and prayed for deliverance.

Before one o'clock (a.m.) they were able to give clear testimonies as to God's saving power.

Praise the Lord, my target for souls is more than hit, but He gives me so much more than I ask.

Now that I have comrades in the fight, am believing for greater victory. Shall open fire on the railroad line Monday.

Am believing I shall get my S. D. target, as Captain gave me an easy one, and by a hard battle and the help of the Lord, I may double it.

It is needless to say that in addition to souls, Bro. and Sister Frost have more than doubled their S.-D. targets. Praise the Lord!—W. Parker.

OUR LATEST OPENING.

Kamloops, B.C., Under Bombardment.

This report is from the baby corps of the Pacific Province. Staff-Capt. Turner, assisted by the officers in charge opened fire on the 28th of Oct. The opening meetings were well attended; people are very kind to us, but no one has got saved yet. I never saw any people so interested in the Bible, and the meetings generally, as they are here. We are praying and believing that God will give us a harvest of souls. We have moved into our quarters and are getting settled. The Provincial Home for Old Men is here, so we hold meetings there every week. The men seem to enjoy the meetings, especially the singing. The gentlemen in charge, and his wife, are exceedingly good to us, and enjoy our weekly visit very much. Kamloops is said to have the best climate in the world. It is said there is a line mine country just outside the city, and the prospects are that this will be a flourishing camp in the near future. We have the same kind of young souls will flourish, and many blind-bought will be won for the Kingdom of Heaven.—M. Fitzpatrick.



The League of Mercy.—Singing and Praying with the Sick

where there is a jail or hospital, or any sort of a public institution." So said Brigadier Mrs. Read. "At any rate, we are at present represented in every important city in the Territory."

The writer was going through the figures of the League, furnished by the Secretary, late one Saturday night, when the door-bell rang and Mrs. Read entered herself. It transpired that word had been sent to her very late regarding some alteration in the Sunday services which are held in the Toronto Central Prison and the Mercer Reformatory, and being unable to obtain an officer so late in the evening to take the services, she requested the writer to conduct these meetings.

It might be noted here that in Toronto, the Army holds meetings and in some instances conduct personal visitation at the following institutions: The Home for Incurables, Insane Asylum, the Central Prison, the General Hospital, the Jail, and Mercer Reformatory.

One of the prisoners sent me a little song which he had composed, on the following day. The question necessarily forced itself upon me, what will become of these men when they are discharged?

I understand that nearly all penal institutions permit us either visitation or the conducting of meetings, or the distributing of War Cry and other publications. This especially is true of the western portion of the Territory. According to the figures now on record the League is organized in sixteen cities, but there are many other towns and cities where it is operating in a manner, and various institutions are visited, but as no separate reports are made, we have no definite figures of their work. The League of Mercy is a great leveller, to its ranks belong all grades of officers, locals and privates.

Mrs. Colonel Jacobs, Mrs. Lieut.-Col. Margetta, Mrs. Brigadier Friedrich, Mrs. Major Southall, Mrs. Brigadier Howell, Mrs. Staff-Capt. Turner, and

The War Cry distributed through this agency to prisoners, sick and poor people in those institutions amount to twenty-seven thousand nine hundred copies, in addition to which also a large quantity of other S. A. literature was given away.

All officers, soldiers and friends, who are especially interested in this branch of the work, and who see their opportunity of organizing a branch in their city or town are requested to communicate at once directly or through the officer in charge with Brigadier Mrs. Read, S. A. Temple, Toronto, Ont.

The following note and song were sent to the Editor by an inmate of the Toronto Central Prison:

Dear Editor,—I write this little song for the War Cry. I am glad to say I found Jesus to the joy and satisfaction

THE EAST EXCESSIVELY ELATED

The Field Commissioner's

Triumphant Gatherings at Halifax, Truro and St. John.

"Nothing like it, no previous meetings can compare with it," is the sentiment voiced by everybody who was heard the Commissioner "in rags" on this tour. I found the Commissioner hopeful for a mighty campaign, and coming with every power sanctified and ablaze to bring about the glory of God and the salvation of sinners, when I stepped into the car at St. John. It was midnight before the train reached Halifax. Saturday was beautiful; our appetites were whetted and our faith strong for glorious meetings on Sunday, in the great Academy of Music, the largest hall in Halifax, which can boast of two galleries. As everyone on the Sunday opened with a hurra, of wind, and snow, and rain, making it almost impossible for anyone to walk the streets, and it continued all day like this. The storm raged along the Nova Scotian coast, wrecking vessels, tearing down electric wires, and doing much damage. Nevertheless, the work of salvation had to go on.

Halifax has a big place in the Commissioner's heart, and the love is freely returned by the people for the Commissioner. Some of the best meetings in the Territory have been held in this city, and she is loved and revered by not only her own people, but many of the other cities. The meeting was a superb one, and the songs sung by Willie and Pearl took the place by storm.

At night a larger crowd still gathered, although the storm continued, and the wind howled, and could be heard above the Commissioner's talk, yet she stood bravely to the wheel, and God mightily inspired her as she thrust upon the minds and hearts and consciences of the people, the truth, at spell-bound, and she awayed them at pleasure. Truly it was a wonderful time. Several souls came to God for the day. The first that came to the penitent form on Sunday night was a backslider for nine years, once a bandsman, and the old soldiers were greatly cheered to see their old comrade kneeling at the Cross renewing his vows, and claiming again God's salvation.

COMMISSIONER IN RAGS.

On Monday night, although the storm continued, the large Academy of Music was filled to listen to the Commissioner's lecture "In rags." How they clapped and cheered her as she appeared on the stage in tattered garb. The enthusiasm was at a tremendous pitch. How the Commissioner asked: "What power was at his disposal. That great crowd sat spell-bound for nearly one hour and a half, as she dealt with the sorrows, and the broken hearts of those she had lived amongst and helped to save. Tears flowed freely all over the building, and God was mightily present, and the interest of the eternal mark upon the minds and hearts of some who were present, and lifted the Flag of the Salvation Army to a higher place. Many of the people, some leading people of the city were present, and it was the verdict of everybody, that it was grand. A gentleman whom we met on the train a few days after, was in the city of Halifax, on his way to the West, said to Miss Booth, "Why, you have left the place astir. They are all talking about the meetings." It was about ten o'clock when the Commissioner finished, still that great crowd sat. Little Willie and Pearl did their drills splendidly, and were applauded again and again. They sang their little songs, "When the robbers wear up in glory," which touched and stirred the hearts of the people.

S.-D. was mentioned, and the people were asked to treat our collectors kindly, and help the Self-Denial, and spontaneously they clapped and applauded the idea. God bless Halifax, and God bless our brave, noble leader. A glorious welcome awaits the Commissioner when she returns to the city of Halifax.

On Tuesday morning the Commissioner conducted a beautiful officers' meeting in the D. O.'s quarters. She felt she could not leave the city without

meeting her little flock of officers, and talking to them about their future, and their opportunities and possibilities, which she did with faithfulness and earnestness combined, and in that little room we sat and listened with hearts bowed before the Lord, listening to His voice through our beloved leader, and who can answer for the far-reaching effects of that little officers' meeting. The afternoon of Tuesday we were off to

TRURO.

where we were met by the officers, Rev. Mr. Geggie, and Mr. McCullum, the Town Clerk, at whose place the Commissioner was billeted. At night the Presbyterian Church (which was kindly lent) was packed to the very doors and a crowd standing outside waiting to be admitted. It was the Commissioner's first visit to Truro, and the people of that fair town hope it will not be the last. Some years before the General had conducted a very special meeting there, and as Rev. Mr. Geggie introduced the Commissioner he referred to that, and it gave him great pleasure to have the Commissioner in his pulpit. He could only have been too glad if the Commissioner could have stayed another night, and maintained that the Commissioner promise to do this, although she (the Commissioner) could not remember it. The Commissioner spoke eloquently and powerfully, and carried the large audience with her. They sat spell-bound. Willie and Pearl added their share to the interest and profit of the meeting, and everything was done with their little songs of salvation. We feel sure the Salvation Army was lifted on to a higher platform by our beloved Commissioner's visit.

BRIGADIER FUGMIRE.

The Truro "Daily News" says:—

COMMISSIONER EVA BOOTH'S VISIT TO TRURO.

Despite the storm, St. Paul's Church was crowded to its utmost capacity by the immense audience that greeted Miss Booth, on this, her first public appearance in Truro. She was accompanied by Brigadier Fugmire, officers in charge of the Maritime Provinces, Adjutant Morris, and others.

Miss Booth is an orator, and her heights of eloquence, coupled with her earnestness for the cause in which she is engaged, carried her audience with her.

She has the personal magnetism of manner, deep knowledge of human nature, and sympathy for sorrowing and suffering humanity, that is so characteristic of her father, General Booth.

ST. JOHN.

The storm that had been raging for several days seemed to take a new lease of life and continued operations with renewed vigor on Wednesday evening, about the time the Commissioner's train arrived from Truro, with the party on board. All the city officers met her at the depot and gave her the first of many welcomes which she received in the city.

The prospect of a crowd were not very bright, but several hundred people made their way through a blinding snowstorm to the Mechanics' Institute, to welcome the Commissioner to the Provincial centre, which was done in proper Eastern style by all present rising to their feet and clapping

their hands as the Commissioner, with Willie and Pearl, accompanied by her Staff and the Provincial Officers, came to the front. After the preliminary exercises were concluded, Brigadier Fugmire introduced Willie, "Lieut. snowflakes," and Pearl, who went through their musical drill and several changes of the position of all present, and amid much applause. After a song from the P. O. and Adj. Morris, the Commissioner spoke on "God's hand," basing her remarks on Isaiah lix. 1, "The Lord's hand is not shortened," etc. The address was indeed a marvelous one, and I am sure many were blessed and inspired as the Commissioner told what God's hand had wrought, of the changes in lives and hearts of individuals who had been sinners, in homes where sin and sorrow had reigned, the help that came to the sorrowing and bereaved all because "His hand was not shortened." At the close a most drunkard came to the Cross for mercy.

MISS BOOTH IN RAGS.

MECHANICS' INSTITUTE TO-NIGHT.

This is what the citizens of St. John saw on the ad. in the front of the street cars all day on Thursday. Still it snowed, the wind blew and the storm raged, until just before the hour for meeting when those on the "look-out" saw a "star" appearing, and once more hope came with the "star," and by the time the Commissioner and party arrived at the "Institute" it was filled to the rafters, gallery and all. As the Commissioner appeared "in rags" the whole of that large audience rose to their feet and clapped her a welcome. This meeting, besides description, and only those who have attended this service in other places can have an idea as to what it really is. The St. John Telegraph describes the meeting as follows:

SUPERIOR INDEED!

Miss Eva Booth's Fine Address of Wednesday Surpassed by Her Effort Last Night.

"There was the greatest enthusiasm, the largest possible crowd, and one of the best meetings imaginable at the Institute last evening, when Commissioner Eva Booth, of the Salvation Army, delivered her famed lecture on experiences in the London slums. Many were turned away from the Institute door, so great was the number inside.

Miss Booth appeared on the stage clad in a colored skirt, tattered apron, plaid shawl and without head dress. She was playing on an accordion, one of the old London tunes. She was greeted in an enthusiastic manner, the great mass of people rising and cheering.

After some hymns and praying the Commissioner began her address. It was a most superior one, in delivery, in character, in language, in every way, and the audience was thrilled by her eloquence and earnestness, and wept at her grandly pathetic descriptions of some of the sights and scenes in the slums of London.

Many incidents of slum life in London were told, they being told from a store of knowledge gained by bitter experience, for in her zeal for the saving of men's souls, Miss Booth lived and worked right in the vilest parts of that great city."

Friday morning Commissioner met all the city officers and a few from outside places and for over an hour spoke on "Casting away confidence." God was with her. Her words came as an inspiration, the officers were much blessed, and gave themselves afresh to their future service. In conclusion I can only say the half cannot be told of the blessing and inspiration received during these meetings, with one heart we say, "Hasten back, Commissioner! Ten thousand welcomes await you, and be sure you bring Willie and Pearl."—T. H. C.

Candidates.

Has God commissioned you to come out and warn the people of their danger? What are you doing with your light? Are you letting it shine, SHINE on the dark souls of your brothers and sisters in sin? If not, do not keep it under a bushel any longer, let it shine out upon the paths of dying men and women who are standing just on the brink of hell.

I have never forgotten the words of our Indian comrade, Horatula, "The blood of the heathen God will require at your hands." We have a lot of heathens in our midst who need the warning and are waiting for you to come and point them to a pardoning Saviour. "The true, you have sung in soldiers' meetings, in holiness meetings, times without number:

"I'll do, Lord, I'll do, Lord,
I'll do what You want me to do."

And then go out and forget all about your vows to God in the meeting, and perhaps meet some backslider or sinner and do not tell them that Jesus wants them.

Do you call that giving yourself "a living sacrifice, holy, acceptable unto God"? This is only a reasonable service God requires of you. Remember, while you are neglecting to do His will, precious souls are dropping into hell one by one.

God wants you for His vineyard. He wants you—hard-hearted men and women who cannot rest day or night until they are where the dear Lord wants them to be.

The harvest is very great and the laborers are so few. The work is being crippled for the want of sowers and reapers. Now comrades, halt no longer, move up, follow all the way, whatever it costs.

"Yet if thou warn the wicked, and he turn not from his wickedness, nor from his wicked way, thou shalt save his iniquity; but THOU HAST DELIVERED THY SOUL."

M. F.

PORTAGE LA PRAIRIE

We have had quite a series of special meetings, which should have been reported before, but owing to being pushed with S.-D. they were neglected, but a brief recap will not be out of place now. A visit from LIEUT.-COLONEL MARGRETT was the first on the list, which was a day of hearing him. The meeting closed with six precious souls in the Fountain, among the number being three ex-soldiers. "Soldiers' meetings" on the 16th of Nov., Portage la Prairie barracks was the scene of a Halleujah! evening, the interest of the meeting, Thos. Musgrove and Sister Vickers. The building was crowded to the doors, and the service was very beautifully presided over by worthy D. Staff-Capt. Gage. After the service a very inviting supper was provided for the soldiers, and a number of invited guests.

Then we cannot pass by without reporting the visit of Staff-Capt. Gage and Adj. Cass for the week-end. The weather was very much against us, but a very bad blizzard was blowing all day on Sunday, which consequently made our crowds a little small, but in no way did it hinder the service. The coming of the people to the soldiers' meeting, which was a refresher, some few sought the blessing and one salvation. Again at night God made souls stepped out of the darkness into God's marvelous light. We all say, "Hallelujah!"

Monday was the day for a banquet, but the storm made it very bad, and difficult to gather in the good things that the kind and noble heart of Portage had promised. However, with a little war and hustle we succeeded, and a very good time was enjoyed by quite a nice gathering of people that ventured through the storm and snow.

When the specials had all gone God did not depart from us, but has been working in our midst right along. Our S.-D. knee-drills at 6 a.m. were times of blessing, and was also our half night of prayer, when one sister sought the blessing and another came for salvation.

Yesterday (Sunday) was a beautiful day and God was very near, and six more came and found God. And but the work goes on. Soldiers are on fire and converts doing well. Lieut. Livington has arrived to help us push the war.—J. C. H.

Western Winglets.

By THE TERRITORIAL SECRETARY.

We had but the barest time, after our Sunday's battle at Brandon had victoriously ended, to catch the train bound for the West, due ten minutes after Monday morning had set in. It was sharp on time, and steamed into the station simultaneously with our arrival there. At 8:30 the same morning we landed at Regina, where Ensign Hayes and her "little Captain" are making a brave fight against opposing odds. Our old, tried Army friend, Bro. Dobbin, took the platform with us in the night's meeting, and spoke many kind, appreciative words. 'Tho' none would volunteer, I am persuaded the people will not soon forget that meeting.

"good-bye" the next morning at the same hour—2:50.

The Army, by the grace of God, is generally effecting some notable conversions in the railroad centre of Revelstoke. With a little contriving, we managed to get in a meeting with the corps, and a good time we had. Mountains of mud and sin abound here. Capt. Gooding and Cadet Floyd are doing their utmost to diminish the latter, and are going to win.

We also had a quarter of an hour's cheery chat with Ensign Fitzpatrick and Lieut. Betts, while the train waited, at Kamloops. This is a new opening. Considerable interest is being manifested by the inhabitants, who, in the short space of three weeks, which had elapsed since the advent of the "Blood-and-Fire," have, among other accomplishments, subscribed and furnished an officers' quarters throughout.

the interest of the congregations, and the spirit of the soldiers was delightful. We wound up with twelve at the Merry Sent. Ensign Babbington is on the right track.

(3) The Vancouver Shelter is in such a state of cleanliness, systematic order, good management and spirit that no inmate, or scarcely a visitor, can fail to be elevated to a greater or lesser extent, as the result of a short stay there. It did me good to hear some of the men, rescued by the Social agency of the Army, spontaneously engaging themselves in the delightful exercise of prayer, song, and Bible reading in their leisure moments. Much better than that filling the air with ribald songs, disgusting conversations and blasphemies. It, the former, has a wholesome effect on both the hearer and performer, in fact on all.

(4) The Wood Yard is booming to such an extent that it had become nec-

received at the Shelter kitchen was typical of the whole-soiled individual who gave it to Jimmy Butler, the cook-house salute was, "Welcome Colonel! Hallelujah! This is the place for soup, soup, and salvation, and—and—a state into the bargain." Not such a bad mixture either, I thought. Adj. and Mrs. Barr are thoroughly engrossed and determined to win.

We had three meetings here, which, Brigadier Howell is sanguine, will result in much good, even though we had not a state into the bargain. Not such a bad mixture either, I thought. Adj. and Mrs. Barr are thoroughly engrossed and determined to win.

A Word in Season.

By RUTH.

"Please can you tell me where I can get some work? I have just left my situation and have no where to go."

The speaker was a pale-faced girl, as she stepped timidly up to a little Army Captain, who was briskly walking along the snowy streets. She was very tired after her afternoon's visiting and War Cry selling, but with a heart quick to feel another's sorrow, she stopped to question the girl. There was something pathetic in her face, and the dark eyes seemed shadowed with a grief too deep for words.

"Come home with me and have a cup of tea, dear, and we will have a little talk together," she answered, and the poor lonely girl felt her heart respond to the loving words.

After they reached the humble little quarters a few questions asked with womanly tact, drew forth the bitter tears and sobs. The cruel story of a broken heart, whose love and confidence had been betrayed, and whose life was blighted. She was adrift on the world, an outcast, self-exiled from home and loved ones through sin.

For a few moments the Captain could scarcely tell what to do, then, as a life-buoy thrown to a drowning man, she spoke of the Rescue Home, and after a tender good-bye, with a little note in her hand, to the officer in charge. Bessie started off to the Rescue Home. She was at once admitted as an inmate, but the stain of past sin upon her soul, and the shadow of a dark future looming up before her, brought many a sigh of anguish from lost Bessie's heart.

Good Advice.

"Do you think, if I write for you, to the one who has caused you so much grief, that he would do anything for you?"

"I do not know, but perhaps if you write, he may," she answered the kind Captain's enquiries.

A few days passed by, and then came the response from a noble manly heart. "I shall be only too pleased and glad to come and make her my wife, if she will consent to have me. My coming will depend on Bessie's answer."

Bessie's answer caused quite a stir in the Rescue Home, and the running about and fixing up of the largest Home Room seemed to tell that something strange was going to happen, and so it was a few days after her loved one came and claimed his bride. The officers helped her hurriedly to dress, and led her down the broad staircase, where the tall minister was waiting to perform the ceremony. The words were spoken and the pledges taken that would forever change Bessie's future. The gold marriage ring flashed a little gleam of brightness, as it slipped on to the small finger, and the faint sweet odor of the carnations seemed to whisper of a sweeter, nobler future for the little bride. The other girls came up as the service ended, to congratulate and present their little gifts to the happy couple. What a joyful party sat down that evening to the wedding supper can be imagined, and we felt that all the joy and brightness had come to poor little Bessie, because the one little woman had seized the one opportunity to give up her life, and had not been too busy, or too much occupied by her own work, to talk to and advise this weak, erring girl. If the Captain had not had the chance, how different would Bessie's life have been!

Thank God for this officer who had a heart at leisure from itself to soothe and comfort the distressed, and who, since reached us bring news of a happy home, a kind, loving husband, and we thank God that one more wanderer was saved from the great, cruel world's temptations.

Intervals may enhance the grace of nuirp, but interrupt the mission of a man's life.



The League of Mercy.—Distributing War Crys in Jail

Captain Pierce and her Lieutenant were at Moose Jaw depot, and a full hour's wait there gave Major McMillan ample time to execute quite a batch of "the King's business," and afforded the writer an opportunity to become somewhat acquainted with these two heroines of truth and salvation.

At 2:50 a.m. next day we alighted at Calgary. Even at that uncertain hour we were met by quite a strong force of Salvationists, including Ensign Branigan, Capt. Dwyer, and Lieut. Barner, who we found, like other of the comrades in these regions, busy scouring the country round about in the interests of Self-Denial. Had a useful, happy time here. Bid Major McMillan, the officers and a few friends

The girls feel the need of a good sweeping revival, and are sparing no efforts, on their part, to bring it about. Pray for them.

Vancouver Campaign was a treat. Several considerations made it such.

(1) It was here we met Brigadier Howell, and, for many a long year, had our first week-end's battle together. The last was when Thomas Howell was the victorious Captain at the Temple. But what a change! What a development! What a time we had!

(2) God gave us so many signs of His blessed presence and power in the meetings, which, despite the abundant profusions of snow, sleet, sleet and rain, were well attended, and in which

usary that a new Gas Engine be procured, and was, the very day of our inspection, being placed in position, by Adj. Patterson and his associates in order that greater expedition may be applied to cope with the urgent demand for wood. The writer and Brigadier Howell both had the honor to cut the first cord under the new arrangement. Adj. Patterson, it is needless to say, as also his good wife, was in the highest of good spirits and cheer.

At Victoria we found almost the same difficulty in the Wood Yard as at Vancouver—unable to keep pace with the demand—must enlarge the capacity for supply, and increase the facility for delivery. The welcome we

Weekly Watchword:

The Priceless Value of Salvation.

Daily Tonic.

SUNDAY.

"Unto you, therefore, which believe He is precious," I Peter 1, 7.

Christ is precious, oh, most precious gift by God, the Father, sealed; Pearl of greatest price and treasure, hidden, yet to us revealed. His own people's crown of glory, and resplendent diadem, More than thousand worlds, and dearer than all life and love to them.

MONDAY.

"Ye know that ye were not redeemed with corruptible things," but with the precious Blood of Christ, as of a Lamb without blemish and without spot," I Peter 1, 18, 19.

Now in reverent awe and wonder touch the theme of deepest laud, Precious Blood of Christ that bought us, and hath made us nigh to God! His own Blood, and love unfathom'd, shed for those who loved Him not, Mighty Fountain, always flowing, cleansing us from every spot.

TUESDAY.

"How precious also are Thy thoughts unto me, O God! how great is the sum of them," Psalm cxxxix, 17.

Oh, how wonderful and precious are Thy thoughts to us, O God! Outlined in creation, blazoned on redemption's banner broad, Infinite and deep and dazzling as the noultide heavens above, Yet more wonderful to usward are Thy thoughts of peace and love.

WEDNESDAY.

"Whereby are given unto us exceeding great and precious promises, that by these ye might be partakers of the Divine nature," I Peter 1, 4.

Then, exceeding great and precious are Thy promises Divine, given by Christ, and by the Spirit sealed with sweetest "All are thine!"

Precious in their peace and power, in their sure and changeless might, Strengthening, comforting, transforming, suns by day and stars by night.

THURSDAY.

"To them that have obtained like precious faith with us through the righteousness of God and our Saviour Jesus Christ," I Peter 1, 1.

Precious faith our God has given; rich in faith is faith indeed! Fire tried gold from His own treasury fully meeting every need; Channel of His grace abounding, bringing peace, and joy, and light, Purifying, overcoming, linking weakness with His might.

FRIDAY.

"If thou shalt take forth the precious from the vile, thou shalt be as my mouth," Jeremiah xv, 19.

Such His gifts: but mark we duly our responsibility, Unto Him whose Name is holy, Infinite in purity; Sin and self no longer serving, take the precious from the vile.

So His power shall rest upon thee, thou shalt serve beneath His smile.

SATURDAY.

"That the trial of your faith, being much more precious than gold that perisheth, though it be tried with fire, might be found unto praise and honor and glory at the appearing of Jesus Christ," I Peter 1, 7.

Precious more than gold that wasteth, is the trial of our faith, Fires of anguish or temptation cannot dim it, cannot sear it; Your Redlier smelter watching till His smaze shall be complete.

For His glory, praise, and honor, when the Saviour shall appear.

NOTICE.

A comrade in the war would like very much to exchange the New York War Cry for the Canadian War Cry. If any comrade or friend would like to exchange kindly address, Sergt.-Major Fred Hanel, 150 West Hurlington St., Philadelphia, Pa.

CROSSED THE RIVER.

Brother Lake and Sergt. Foresey's Child, Fortune, Nfld.

Since our last report death has visited our corps, and Bro. Samuel Lake has been called on high to receive a soldier's reward. For four years our comrade fought bravely as a soldier, and was never happier than when working for the saving of souls. For the past two years his health had been failing, but he never gave up until five weeks ago, thinking that after a few weeks' rest he would be all right again. But his work on earth was finished. On Wednesday, November 9th, the chariot lowered for our comrade, Ensign Moss came from Grand Bank to conduct the funeral.

Sergt. Foresey's little five-year-old girl, Ellen, had also come to be with the angels, and arrangements were made for both funerals to take place at the same time. On Sunday afternoon fully four hundred people gathered in the barracks for the solemn service. It was an impressive sight to see both coffins brought in, and as one comrade after another spoke of Bro. Lake's

ANNIVERSARY AND SELF-DENIAL.

Yorkville Scores a Splendid Victory \$180 for Self-Denial.

Yesterday being the anniversary of the opening of our new hall, and its having been opened one year ago by Brigadier Read, we were favored with the presence of Mrs. Read to conduct the services in the afternoon and evening, also Ensign Burrows and Lieut. Easton. We had a real good day. God was very near, sinners were convicted, and one sought salvation. Many loving references were made by the comrades, to the now promoted Brigadier, who had been the means of their conversion, and comrades were celebrating the first spiritual anniversary of their coming to Jesus.

It was the wind-up also of the great S.-D. effort. \$180 were laid on the altar. Our target was \$120, so you see it is all out of sight, and we still have more to follow. We say, "Come again, comrades," N. R. Rowe, Captain W. Peacock, Lieut.

Helps for J. S. Workers.

The Rejection at Nazareth.

Luke iv, 16-30.

Many important events have taken place since Jesus first came to live in Nazareth after the return from Egypt.

Christ the Teacher.—He has been baptizing at the Jordan, emptied in the wilderness, selected His disciples, and done various things that have been proof of His being the Messiah, and now He reappears in the very synagogue He attended as a boy. The public reading in the synagogue consisted of a portion of the Law, which in regular order was followed by a selection of the Prophets. The attendant handed our Lord the roll. The lesson for the day was in Isaiah.

A Glorious Gospel.—How honored Nazareth should have been with the glorious opportunity presented to them by Jesus. He very seldom took a text as the basis of His discourse, but generally made events that happened around Him the subject of His speech, but here He selected a great text from which He preached a gracious sermon.

The World's Hope.—He proclaimed Himself as the Hope of the world. He claimed He came to the least and the lowliest. He opened up to them a new standing the blessed prospect of a better time coming. Help for the helpless; succour for the needy; freedom from those who bond, slight for those who are blind; comfort and consolation for those who are suffering. There was no doubt about the Divine direction of God in the choice of the particular portion of Scripture Jesus read. What had hitherto been prophecy was now being fulfilled.

The Secret of Success.—A very plain and important truth to be remembered here is the statement of Jesus that the Spirit of the Lord was the power by which this Gospel of deliverance was to be effected. Christ did not attempt His public work until He had been baptized with the Spirit. Those whom God calls to preach the Gospel He qualifies for the work. Note the various points laid down as being the purpose of Christ Jesus.

1. Deliverance to the Captives.—By the merits of Jesus, sinners may be set at liberty and freed from the thralldom of sin.

2. Sight to the Blind.—Typical of the condition of the unsaved soul. Jesus came to give sight to the blind.

3. The Acceptable Year of the Lord.—He was alluding to the year of Jubilee, when, according to the Mosaic law, those who were in bondage were set at liberty, etc. (Leviticus xxv), and also letting them know that God was willing to be reconciled to them. Now is the acceptable year with God, for all who seek Him.

The words Jesus had spoken were received with wonder. What would He say next? The Jews had heard the story of His fame in other places, why did He not perform such miracles there in Nazareth? He could read their hearts like He reads our hearts, and was not long before He made clear to them why He had not worked miracles there. Their prejudice against Him and their unbelief were the cause.

Christ Rejected.—The objections of the Nazarenes were answered by Jesus referring to two Old Testament instances of God favoring the Gentiles in preference to those of His own nation (see I Kings xvii, 9, and II Kings v, 14). This implies that if we will refuse to accept the Gospel, there are others who may have an opportunity to embrace this same Gospel. The Jews rejected Christ, therefore salvation was offered to the Gentiles. It is still held out to all men.

Change of Front.—Filled with fury because Jesus had so pointedly driven home the truth, they thrust Him out of the city. No one but evil-doers dares to be so bold and courageous as to tell them that God would take away their privileges because of their unbelief, that they made an attempt to reject Him, and bring eternal damnation upon themselves. Change just as quickly now as then. Jesus may be driven away just as easily to-day. To receive Him is to find a Saviour. He will not be driven away. He will be eternal death. They did not succeed in their object, for Jesus passed through the midst of them and went His way. He was accompanied, they were cast out, but being God, He could exert His power and thus escape.

MEMORY TEXT.

"The Spirit of the Lord is upon Me."

"A single word is a little thing. But a soul may be dying before your eyes."

For a touch of the comfort a word may bring, With its welcome help, and its sweet surprise."

THE FIELD COMMISSIONER

THE EAST.

(By Wire.)

Halifax, N.S., Nov. 29th, '98.

Terrific gales raging in Nova Scotia. Twelve vessels reported ashore; one sunk and twelve lives lost. Telegraph and electric wires down every direction; great damage done. On Sunday at Halifax a hurricane was blowing. In spite of blizzard, snow and hail, we had wonderful crowds. Monday night the large Academy was packed, although admission was by tickets at ten and twenty-five cents, and despite heavy rains, "Miss Booth in Rags" was a tremendous success. Audience wept and laughed alternately. Everlasting impressions have been made for God and the Flag. Soldiers and officers are inspired for new battles. Everybody is delighted. The universal testimony is "We love the Commissioner more for her rags." Erigadier Pugmire.

(By Wire.)

Truro, N.S., Nov. 30th, '98.

Grand, glorious triumph; Truro church jammed; appreciative audience. Rev. Mr. Geickie introduced Commissioner, who was divinely upheld, and twayed her audience at will. Everybody delighted. Hallelujah! Brigadier Pugmire.

THE LEAGUE OF MERCY NEEDS YOUR HELP.

The League of Mercy visitors can make use of any current numbers of the War Cry, or any other Army publications in their work.

Will comrades or friends send parcels of literature sent to the following officers and Mercy League Secretaries:

TORONTO Ont.—Mrs. Brigadier Gaskin, 8, A. Temple LONDON Ont.—Mrs. Major John Southall, Clarence st. MONTREAL Que.—Mrs. Captain Dodge, Rebecca st. VICTORIA B. C.—Mrs. Captain Lacey, 201 University st. GUELPH Ont.—Mrs. Dawson.

ST. JOHNS Nfld.—Ensign Twiss, 20 Cook st. WINNIPEG Man.—Mr. Halkirk.

HALIFAX N. S.—Ensign Beckstead, 40 Hollist st.

ST. JOHN, N. B.—Adjutant Jost, 65 Elliot Row.

FREDRINGTON, N. Z.—Captain Bishop.

SPOKANE, Wash.—Adjutant Langtry, 732 Fourth

HARBOR GRACE, Nfld. Mrs. Whitman.

OTTAWA, Ont. Mrs. Webster, Salvation Army.

or send addresses of those having periodicals to dispose of to Mrs. Brigadier Read, League of Mercy Secretaries, Toronto Temple.

Any one desiring friends in hospitals visited, or any one whom they are interested in to join write to Mrs. Read, Albert st. Toronto, sending stamp for reply.

godly life and holy influence, many eyes were filled with tears. At the close of the service we marched to the cemetery, the procession being the largest number of people ever seen in Fortune streets at one time. Many were the sad hearts as we stood around the open grave, and many a covenant also was renewed as we sang:

"Sleep on, beloved, sleep, and take thy rest, Lay down thy head upon thy Saviour's breast."

We loved thee well, but Jesus loves thee best, Good-night."

At the memorial service two backsliders returned to the fold.—Capt. S. Winsor.

The heart that is like Christ must let its fulness overflow into action. The hidden sweetness will manifest itself in deeds of love and helpfulness.



What the Women's Social Department are Doing in the Queen City.

By BRIGADIER MRS. READ.

We have been active in the Women's Social Department, although we have not had time to tell War Cry readers much about our doings. We have had an exceptional rush in many directions lately. News pours in almost daily from various parts of the Territory, telling of achievements and experiences that would, I am sure, be deeply interesting to all lovers of our work.

AT THE CENTRE, TORONTO, we are alive to our opportunities. On a

Mrs. Lieut.-Colonel Margetta is taking a series of meetings in the Rescue Home, which are very much appreciated by the officers and girls—both inmates and others who attend from the outside. Mrs. Margetta is assisted by Mrs. Major Horn.

Mrs. Brigadier Friedrich takes charge of the meetings in the Home for Incurables for three weeks. In a letter to me respecting her first meeting, she says, "We had a very profitable time in the Home Thursday. There were three League of Mercy members from Langar St. present to assist. Being barred out of the men's sitting room, we were able to gather a few together in the corridor, and have a little meeting, which they seemed to enjoy.

The meeting with the old ladies was equally as interesting, although they were not quite so demonstrative as the brothers, but I believe were deeply interested.

You cannot imagine my feeling as I beheld the peculiar afflictions of the different inmates. Some distorted with pain, others in such unnatural shapes, reminding one that some time they must have suffered intensely. One is led to wonder how they can smile at all. Christ seems to be there helping to bear some of their burdens. One poor old lady with a glorified expression on her face, helped us sing. "Tes-

her to the court the other morning. I was led to thank God for the Army's influence amongst the most needy class, and to express a loud note of praise to Him for the many miracles of grace that have been reached through this branch of our regenerating work.

A girl noted in Police Court circles, was placed in the prisoner's dock, and was, on account of her bad record, without an option, sentenced to a long term of imprisonment. At its expiration we will help her back to respectability and God, if she will permit us to do so, for she is not a more notorious character than a young woman I heard testify in a meeting lately, who has proved God's power to keep for eight years. A young woman who, previous to her reformation in an Army Home, spent eleven years behind prison bars.

I was delighted last week to again take a service with the dear girls of the Toronto Refuge, the reformatory for refractory girls. Major Stewart and Adj. Mrs. Stanyon also took part. It was Mrs. Stanyon's first visit, and her talk on "Jesus as a friend," was very instructive and very much appreciated by the listeners. The attention throughout was unique, and the greatest interest was manifest.

The girls were still in the school-room while we put on our wraps in

LATEST WIRE.

St. John, N. B., Dec. 2nd.

War Cry Toronto,—

IN SPITE OF SNOW STORM AND HURRICANE, MECHANICS' INSTITUTE PACKED LAST NIGHT. MINISTERS AND LEADING CITIZENS PRESENT. "MISS BOOTH IN RAGS," GAVE A MARVELLOUS ADDRESS: AUDIENCE SPELL-BOUND. MANY MOVED TO TEARS. CHILDREN'S DRILL CAPTIVATED EVERYBODY. PEOPLE DELIGHTED AND ANXIOUS THAT COMMISSIONER SHOULD RETURN, EARLIEST POSSIBLE DATE. GOD BLESS OUR COMMISSIONER! — Brigadier Pugmire.

My Trip to Paris.

A Nice Lady—A Man Killed—Blessed Meeting.

By ADJT. MANTON.

In the train every seat was soon occupied. A lady about 50 years of age, very good looking, and with a decidedly English accent said to me:

"May I sit beside you, sir?"

You are a Baptist, are you not? "Yes," for she seemed a very nice, agreeable person, and very ready to enter into conversation, so the following dialogue took place:

"I perceive you are a Salvationist, sir."

"Yes, ma'am, for which I am proud."

"I am very fond of Salvationists; one of my boys was converted at the Salvation Army penitential form, but he has gone into the ministry."

"Don't you think he would have done more good if he had remained in the Army?"

"Yes, sir, but he is a good man. I am a Baptist myself."

"What part of England did you come from?"

"Northampton, sir."

"Indeed, that is my native place. Did you know a man by the name of Nathan Manton?"

"Yes, indeed, I did."

"Well, ma'am, you knew my father."

"Yes, sir, I knew your little mother. She was a beautiful woman, smart as a cricket."

Conversation of this kind was carried on until we came to within three miles of Paris, where they were making some alterations to the iron bridge crossing the river. Here the train stopped—there was something wrong. A workman was on the bridge had carried across the track a portion of a girder. His comrade warned him not to go back, but he seemed to know less. While coming back the train struck him, and I am informed, he never spoke again. He was taken from time to time to eternity.

Arrived at Paris about five o'clock, to be greeted by a genuine "Hallelujah" from our dear old comrade, Ensign Rayner. A nice tea all ready to sit down to. Of course a great many questions were asked and answered, time flying quickly, which it generally does when you are in an interesting conversation. The Lieutenant, who is a good player on the autoharp, brought it along to the meeting, and although there was not many there, we had a very good time.

Sunday, all day, was a time of refreshing from the presence of the Lord. Soldiers sat and wept like children, and were lifted heavenward. It was truly a day of blessing and power. After a day of hard fighting, we retired at night thoroughly tired out and satisfied that God had been honored, and His kingdom upheld.

GO ON!

Every now and again we see proof of "Cast thy bread upon the waters," etc. The other night two souls volunteered for salvation. One of them was one of the comrades had dealt with him about his soul a year ago, when he was in the hall. He could hardly keep from coming out there, and had been thinking about what the comrade had said ever since. Oh, let us not be weary in well doing, for we shall reap the seed, and just God for the increase. He will give the increase if we only sow the seed.—Cadet J. E. L.



The League of Mercy.—A Meeting with Prisoners.

recent evening we conducted a most profitable little gathering in the Rescue Home "Home Room." Several Staff Officers' wives were present, and a goodly number of the League of Mercy workers. We unfolded our plans for a special campaign of meetings in connection with the Women's Social and League of Mercy in the Queen City during the winter. The schemes were received heartily by all present, and already some of them are being materialized.

Mrs. Colonel Jacobs spoke earnestly, and has since conducted a very interesting meeting in the Women's Shelter, assisted by Colonel Jacobs, Brigadier and Mrs. Compin, and the Shelter officers. Also on Thanksgiving afternoon Mrs. Jacobs, assisted by Lieut. Graig, conducted a meeting with the inmates of the Girls' Refuge.

terday, to-day, for ever, Jesus is the same," while propped up in bed with her ear tube to her ear. Her lips were just moving, faintly came the words. Some of the nurses said she was not long for this world. She requested one of our sisters to write a letter for her. On our way home, passing down the corridor, we heard the sound of children's voices, and looking in the door of her ward four or five little girls were singing to her about Jesus. I thought it was beautiful! My heart filled with joy at the sight of her face."

The League of Mercy is proving an ever increasing blessing in Toronto. Major Stewart, who is in charge, is entering in her efforts to push forward its interests, and in addition to much other work, personally takes charge of the police court work. On accompanying

the hall, and as we came away we heard them singing sweetly, "God be with you till we meet again."

In all the institutions in the city the League is being blessed. We have heard from the Central Prison that the services led there a short time ago by Brigadier Friedrich and Adjutant Byers was greatly enjoyed. Many of the men were eager to get the War Cry. We distribute from 300 to 500 Crys weekly in Toronto, and never have sufficient to supply the demand. Perhaps some friend will take the hint and make up our deficiency in this direction.

Staff-Capt. and Mrs. Creighton led a meeting in the Toronto Asylum on a recent Sunday, which was enjoyed much by the patients.

Appointments OF THE Field Commissioner.

The Pavilion, Toronto,
SUNDAY, December 18.

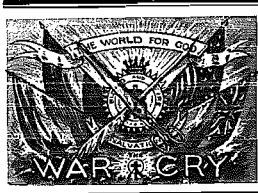
GENERAL ORDER.

It is imperative that the following regulation respecting Junior War be carried out:—

(1) Officers in charge of corps must attend the Sunday afternoon Company Meeting alternatively, thus practically sharing the responsibility of the advance of this important branch, as well as manifesting personal interest in the same.

(2) In connection with the Christmas Tree Demonstrations, a special effort must be made in every corps to raise sufficient money to purchase Manuals for the coming year.

EVANGELINE BOOTH,
Field Commissioner.



Bill of Fare of the Xmas War Cry.

We have already, once or twice, in some measure described the finely-illustrated cover, the excellent original illustrations, the fine reproductions of famous paintings, and the enlargement of the special edition to thirty-six pages; and to-day we want to give some idea of the great variety of the contents of the Christmas Cry. There will be stories of different kinds to start with—long stories and short stories, solemn and bright stories, rescue and slum stories, etc. Adj. Page is writing up the life of one of our Sergeant-Majors, well-known and tried—Brigadier Gaskin will be represented with a very interesting biography of a convert of the Social Force. "Bath" and S. E. O. both have sent stories of Rescue Work—Mrs. Adjutant Bradley makes her debut with a racy sketch "Sam"—Mrs. Staff-Captain Phillips, who is well-known as a story-teller, has sent "The Three Disgraces," while her none-the-lessable husband, the speciated chanceller of the W. O. P., has written a most interesting short tale under the long title, "A Peep into a Long-ago Penitent-Form-Book." A number of various brief incidents out of Field Officers' lives and experiences are grouped under the heading, "The F. O.'s Oyster-Bed."

The two leading articles will be of chief interest; they are: "MY BRIDAL MORNING," by the Field Commissioner, being the crowning piece of the series of her excellent articles recently published in the pages of the War Cry, and, "HOW WILL YOU DO?" by the General, being a stirring appeal to sinners and Christians, and one of the best addresses the General has ever delivered or written. The Territorial Secretary, Lieut.-Colonel Margette, has written, "Overvalued," suggested by an incident of the perishing of a Chinaman in the recent New Westminster fire. "Anecdotes, wise and otherwise," is the unique title of a collection of brief recollections written by the Chief Secretary, Colonel Jacobs. Brigadier Complin, well-known

as a literary light of the S. A., will contribute a character sketch, under the caption of "The White-haired Boy," and a story of the Naval and Military League is ably written up by Brigadier Mrs. Read. A racy tale of the Wild West is given in the peculiar style and dialect of the cowboy under "Lampassas Jake." Another well-known contributor is Major Southall, the pushing West Ontario P. O., who has written an original article, headed "Don't Monkey." Two fascinating contributions will be "Lilies and Onions," being a description of our work in Bermuda, and "The Philippines," written especially for our Cry by Major Millsaps, who is now at Manila, representing the S. A. in those islands now so much talked of. There are many other contributions on hand for the Christmas Cry, written by Staff and Field Officers and other contributors too numerous to mention.

Contributions are also promised by Colonel Holland, whose write-up of the Colorado Colony will most likely reach us in time to appear in the Christmas Cry, also special articles from Commissioner Nicol, the Editor-in-Chief of the British publications, and Commissioner McKie, now commanding our German forces; we cannot definitely announce these, as they may arrive too late to be included in the Christmas number.

Among the illustrations will be a splendid picture of "Miss Booth in Rags," which has been only recently taken, and has been pronounced as in itself worth the price of the Christmas Cry. Those who have been at the meetings in different parts of the Territory conducted by Miss Booth in her slum costume will be anxious to obtain this picture.

We can safely promise that purchasers of the Christmas War Cry will receive good value for the small price of TEN CENTS!



During the Self-Denial Week the Headquarters officers of the Province of Switzerland had a glorious time in visiting the Central corps of the country. One of them, Major Chatelain, made the following statement, "The Holy Ghost is working here; through the hearts a revival breeze is blowing all over the country."

From the different corps in this country are sent very encouraging reports, that show that the war is going on in this country; without much noise, it is true, but surely.



We understand that Major Schoch had a blessed time in his visit through the country, and that the tour of Commissioner Oliphant, during the Self-Denial Week, led him from Malmo to Haparanda in passing through 27 intermediate stations.

Champion Band of the Territory.

(Special.)

Great rejoicing at London. S.-D. target smashed, Brass Band, with unceasing toll, scored \$250. Drum-Major Armstrong, champion collector, raised \$117. Juniors did splendidly. Everybody worked hard—result, magnificent victory. Adj. and Mrs. Coombs and Capt. Hellman smiling. The Chancellor.

CHRISTMAS CELEBRATIONS IN TORONTO.

MISS BOOTH

will conduct

Golossal Limelight Service

in the

S. A. TEMPLE

Tuesday, December 27th,

at 8 o'clock,

Assisted by COLONEL JACOBS,
LIEUT.-COLONEL MARGETTE,
BRIGADIER COMPLIN, BRIGADIER
FRIEDRICH, BRIGADIER
GASKIN, BRIGADIER MRS.
READ, HEADQUARTERS' and
PROVINCIAL STAFF, with the
FAMOUS STAFF BAND.

BERMUDA CAMPAIGN.

Colonel and Mrs. Jacobs

Will Visit the following Corps:

ST. GEORGES, Saturday and Sunday,
Dec. 17 and 18.
HAMILTON, Monday and Wednesday,
Dec. 19 and 21.

Faithfulness.

Faithfulness, however utterly it be hid from the eye of man, must, somehow, work, through the mystery of God's grace, success.

Let us not defraud ourselves of the most solid comfort in the Christian service. Prayer and praise are never thrown away. Let Paul plant, Apollos water, doubling nothing, God give the increase. You and I are not Paul nor Apollos, but we are, as they, laborers together with God. For, be we the most common place and limited of His saints, our lives are a success, a benediction. I can conceive of a Christian laboring for the souls around him in humility and love for years, it may be possible, without leading any one of them to acquaintanceship with their Lord, but I cannot conceive of such a Christian's prayers and faithfulness failing to awaken in some heart, off somewhere in the far country, the decision, "I will arise and go to my Father."

We can all be faithful. We can all be successful. "Be ye steadfast, unmovable, always abiding in the work of the Lord," promises as ye know that your labor is not in vain in the Lord."

Are we faithful?—Selected.

Discouraged.

I was just wondering how many, just now, feel discouraged. Somehow that wind sounds like the sigh of half-bronken-hearted toilers, whose labors seem to bring so little fruit, success, in what the world calls actual triumph. Discouraged? Hush! don't let our enemy hear it. Discouraged? DISCOURAGED?—and yet you say Jesus is your leader? Comrade, has He not enough to bear from faithless ones, and open enemies, without us, by our gloomy looks, telling a world of critics that His service is hard, that is, that He is what men have dared to say, a tyrant? Shall we, by our fretful manner open a wound in that dear heart that spared not a drop of rich life-blood? Can we dare, in the face of what He suffers from a too ungrateful world and one too bitter to utter compressed to the lips of the world's great Sacrifice?

You seem to accomplish so little; you sob. Dry your eyes and get to work at the nearest duty. God will increase your capacity as you use the present supply. Here's a thought from an S. A. Banner: "Faithfulness means success. Suppose an isolated soul on a solitary island for twenty-five years, in which time he has never seen the face of a fellow-mortal. Suppose, after the pangs of a lonely death, his bones whiten on the burning sand, dare any mortal say that the great world, for which he has lived and suffered, is no better for that twenty-five years' extension of life, than if the angry sea had claimed him as one more victim?" The answer is—no. Suppose, after faithful or harsh, instead of the infinitely-wise, loving One—Lillie I. Bryanton.

Life Sketch of Ensign Goslin, Newfoundland.

I was born in Burlington, Nfld., Oct. 26th, 1868. My parents were Methodists, and in the early years of their lives were led to know and to walk in the light of the Gospel of Jesus Christ. While I shall not enter into the details of my father's life, this one thing I remember, there were many things in it that were not Christlike, but never can I find a time when my mother did not strive hard to be a Christian, and to lead her children in the same way. She would go in some private place alone, four, five and six times a day, or more, and pray and plead for her children, also for my father, who spent the greater part of his time on the sea. I often fancy I hear her now as in days of yore. I can never get away from the sound of her tender, pleading voice, who, tears coarsed down her cheeks, as she cried unto God, "O Lord, lead them in the right way, the way they should go," also for father, "Oh, keep him from all sin and in Thine own appointed time return him in safety."

On the Downward Path.

Notwithstanding all these influences, I rushed into sin at an early age, and began to feel that it was time for me to get loose from my mother's apron strings. The manly blood that flowed through my veins drove me to ask my father's consent to allow me to go to sea, and, which, after some consideration, I received. It was there I learned to do all those things which boys think make them men. While I did all that laid in my power to commend myself to all as a seaman, I did nothing to gain the favor of God. Following the sea for nine or ten years, I saw many dangers and difficulties. Seven times was I shipwrecked, like Paul, I have been in peril on the sea. Yet none of the times did I turn away from my change in my life, or if any, it was only for the worst, still growing more godless, I might have been a Christian. I knew that God was with me, and that He would give me the revivals in the Methodist Church, as hundreds converted, believed in His reality, knew I was condemned for sinners. At the salvation of my mother, I recall rightly, in 1887, I attended their first meeting. Though nothing strange about them, as many did not understand it, all believed it all, and even got myself into a half row, through fighting for them, yet had no desire to be any better myself, until Father, Mother, and Sister, after spending the previous day and night on a drunken spree, I was returning home, when I met with Him who had saved my mother, and I suffered this for thee, what wilt thou do for me?" At first I thought I would drive him away, but His Spirit strove with me, and I was led to the mountains side. I told God all and gave up all, and, bless Him, in return He saved me all. I worked for Him, and in the year, I saw many converted, some who have since gone home to glory, others are still fighting away, while a few are in the Field officers' ranks. I believe, to follow. I often heard a voice calling me to leave all and follow Christ, yet I kept it to myself, there were so many difficulties, often causing me to weep when alone. Although I failed in many points, I always had a burning desire to do something for others that had faith in me. I told my friends that I promised God if He would remove the hindrances, "I would follow anywhere, or do anything for Him." When I consented, He said, "Come."

I sent my application to Headquarters, and in the space of nine or ten months I was in training. Now shall I feel the night? I left the old homestead—not for anything else but for Jesus' sake would I have left for His sake I count no sacrifice too great. I have had many hardships, and in addition to this one summer in the "Glad Tidings," two winters in the "Salvator." After nearly a year of service, I can say I love the Army better to-day than ever before. I am a better Christian, a better man, I will win souls better. I feel that the Army's work is great, and I am honored conferred upon me to fight in its ranks. God helping me I shall be true to Him until He says, "Come up higher."

In Conclusion I wish to say here, of father, mother, two brothers and a sister, with their families, are all sinners, and I am the corps that will mean the means of pointing me to God.

BARRE, Vt.—God is working and the devil is raging. Since last we wrote more precious souls have stepped into the Kingdom. Our soldiers are happy, converts getting into uniform, and we are all rejoicing in a Savior who knows no defeat.—M. Ward, Ensign.

Colored Views.

BY FIELD COMMISSIONER MISS BOOTH.

"Charity . . . thinketh no evil; Rejoiceth not in iniquity, but rejoiceth in the truth."

BEAUTY is in the eye of the beholder." This there is no mistaking—here is the reason for a mother thinking her babe the perfection of childhood's charms, and for a father seeing his son to be in possession of attractions of which few others can boast. Then, if beauty is so completely in the adoring eye, I should certainly say that the unbecoming appearance presented by some people and things is also solely to do with the unfavorable vision of the beholder.

It is not a necessary sequence that there is nothing of an admirable nature in the object because it is not discerned by the on-looker. No matter with what magnificence and artistic correctness the scene may be portrayed on canvas, if the eye lacks the perception of harmonious blending of color, the realistic grouping of life, to such a one the picture is but a poor, beauteous affair, where as to an eye quickened with a perception for the beautiful it stands as a triumph of art.

Where there is a non-perception of harmony in sound, the impression left upon the ear by the most cultured music, will be that of discord. The other day I heard of a gentleman whose friends took him to a string concert of exceptional renown. After listening to the rare rendering of classical strains on the violin and 'cello for quite a little while, he remarked, "When are they going to begin? What a time they have been tuning up their instruments!" And so I say that the world of music, art and creature is largely what our own perceptibility makes it. For it is a hard matter to discern or appreciate that which finds nothing akin to our own soul, or in other words, an easy matter to cast the reflection of a sunny and glorious nature, or the shadow of an evil and suspicious mind, over the deeds and lives of others.

Now, in this "Thinketh no evil," I am reminded of a qualification of Charity, which beautifies everything, and at the same time of an appalling weakness which has destroyed the happy experience of many.

This spirit of evil possessing the mind is no respecter of persons. We find it in all classes and pursuing its way in despite all manner of professions. There are thinkers of evil in every church, in every society, in every Salvation Army barracks, although it is one of the most destructive and poisonous besetments to which the soul and a religious body can be subjected. It tends to make cliques and form separate bodies in all communities, disbanding the unity of the whole. It saps the spiritual influence of the individual soul. It undermines and confounds the strongest and purest trust. I have known one evil-thinker to overthrow a whole church—to thrust back the Christian of long years standing—to entrap the innocent and simple, and to drag the Blood-and-Fire Flag through a gutter of ignominy, into which no rampant persecution could have lowered it. I have no hesitancy in saying that evil-thinking is a damnable sin.

How are such people distinguished? Easily! Not because of their being so numerous, but because their fault-finding spirit is so clearly manifested in such multitudinous forms and shapes. Their attitude is suspicious, and their expression bespeaks an officious desire to peer into the secret chambers held in every heart. Their conversation is fluent and excited—

they are never hard up for a story to tell—they show no delicacy in parading the misfortunes of others—they are never stuck fast for the beginning or the ending of a tale—they can always add either, and exaggerate the middle. They think they polish their own virtues by enlarging upon the faults of others. They never take people to mean what they seem, unless that seeming goes unfortunately against them, for they impute base motives for even virtues. They "rejoice in iniquity and not in the truth." When a sorely-tempted soul goes down and under, they say, "I told you so," and with great liberty propound the advisability of running on the French maxim, "Doubt all men till you prove them true." They can find the flaw in every gem—the cloud in every sky—the fault in every life, and see many that have never been there, and never will.

I see that "evil thinking" makes us hard and unjust to those who labor in our interests, or under our authority. Somebody I was speaking to the other day said that they had never met anyone who came up to their ideal of religion—that there was "none good, no not one"—the Christians were no better than others—but rather worse, being the bearers of an empty profession. And the speaker instanced in support of these melancholy conclusions one or two of whom she once thought well, but who afterwards showed themselves (as she termed it) in their true character. There was a minister she deemed wickedly proud of his good preaching, although so fervent and earnest were his sermons that he would often faint at the conclusion of his heaviest services, and there were many others with whom she found serious fault. But a Salvation servant was the last to fall under her scathing suppositions, for she said, "When Mary does hurry on with the work and gets through things neatly and quickly, it is only to be off to the meetings, or out seeking her own in some other respect," although she admitted that Mary was the most trustworthy girl she had had in the house. I thought as she alighted from the car, what a perverted mind—what an absence of charity—what a spectacle of ugliness of character to which evil-thinking can reduce one.

Again, I see that evil thinking makes us hard and unjust to those who are above us. I know people whose circumstances are all that can be desired. God has not only seemed to bless them, but favored them. He has given them companionship, home, comforts and influences. Their wages are good—they have all they need, and when a man's wage meets his whole needs, I consider it can without fail be reckoned good and reasonable. But they complain. They nurse the feeling that they are hardly done by, they suspect the spoken inability of their master to do better—they say he could if he would, they accuse him of a grudge towards themselves, and partiality to others, they feel badly towards those over them when they have all reason to feel well.

They are thinkers of evil—they are ensnared by that abominable sin which lies at the root of three parts of the ingratitude which in its blindness to advantages, often throws overboard the brightest of future prospects.

Then, evil thinking makes us hard and unjust on those who are equal with us—our comrade in the strife—our friend on the path of life—our neighbor, whom, remembering the commands of God, has every claim upon our merciful consideration. But the ten thousand blessings that should be bestowed upon those climbing with us the steep steps of Time are interfered with by these evil suspicions and dark surmises. The man who is occupied by revolving in his mind, let alone turning over with his tongue, the weakness which he fancies can be detected in the faltering step or the impeded journey of another, will be the last to extend a helping hand to assist a weaker than himself. Or the woman, be she a Salvationist, or a constant pew-holder, who has ever ready a whisper detrimental to the family whose name is up at the moment, will be the last to staunch the wound of a bleeding heart or bind a breaking spirit.

I write with much sorrow that in my experience I have known many whose one and only besetting sin could be classified as evil-thinking—it may have been a bestower of goods to feed the poor—or a War Cry boomer, or a member of the church, or a frequent open-air attendee, or a good public speaker—yet all the same an evil-thinker. They hold on to a bit of discreditable back history of every convert which they think should be remembered—they can always throw in words calculated to hang weights on those lifted in praise of anyone. They say, "It is not what people seem, it is what they are," and leave others to wonder what they mean, while they work hard behind the scenes to undo any good impression made in the party's favor—when they cannot circulate actual evil reports, they cast cruel insinuations such as, "Beware of so-and-so," or with an eye so outstretching its normal position as to leave but a greeny white in view, and a significant nod of the head infer that there are "dark things which they would speak, but Charity makes them forbear," when in reality there are no dark things but in their own dark minds, so building almost insurmountable barriers for many young and trembling feet which have more than enough in the cold currents of life to struggle against.

EVIL-THINKERS HOLD NOT BACK FROM TEARING HOLES IN THE GARMENTS OF THE MOST NEEDY AND HELPLESS. I had scarcely said, "Oh, what a dear motherly and sympathetic soul that woman is," when someone overhearing my remark whispered, "Oh, she has a dreadful temper; is so fearfully irritable, that I sometimes even wonder if the old soul knows what conversation means." Personal observations, however, made me detect that the woman referred to prayed much more fervently in the meetings for the souls of others than my starting-about informant, and on enquiry I learned that the former was a widow, with six children, who buried her husband seven years ago, when her youngest was an infant of two of three months. All through the long seven years with bony fingers, rounded shoulders, burdened head and breaking heart, this mother in her

widowhood had earned the bread and clothes for the six orphans. I could not help thinking when I heard the story, that even were it so, that owing to overtaxed nerves and over-wearied limbs, she was guilty of sharp-speaking, how much more excusable to the friend of the widow in Whom the "fatherless findeth mercy" was her irritable tongue, than the countless fault-finding of the backbiting one. Instead of this evil-thinking being a slight offense, I see it to be a monstrous iniquity, hurting and blighting wherever its heavy and cruel feet tread.

The last remark I will make respecting evil-thinking is that THEY MUST MORE OR LESS BE A VERY MISERABLE CLASS OF PEOPLE; I cannot see how it could be otherwise. They are dissatisfied with their surroundings, and their surroundings are dissatisfied with them; they see the evil in everybody, and with isolated exceptions, everybody can see what a great deal of evil lodges with them. They point their finger at the imaginary mote in every eye, and all around are painfully conscious of the crowd blocking up their own. They have no real friends; none can sufficiently trust to befriend them, the general feeling is that no reputation, no matter how pure and blameless, is safe in their hands. They do not really love anyone, and while persisting in focusing their vision on the one small distant speck in every man's character, I do not see how we could expect to find many hearts that would risk love on them; did they, it would be as in the case of the servant girl, that base and selfish motives would be imputed, besmearing even virtue with the coloring of sin.

When thine eye is single thy whole body is full of light. All this evil-thinking with the hard-heartedness, narrow-mindedness, disloyalty, and self-deceitfulness that it brings results from an unclean heart, making darkness within, and casting its black pall on all without. It is a sorrowful sin—it is a terrible fault—it is a cruel besetment—a spoiling of the past—a withering of the present—a blasting of the future curse! If it is yours, run to Calvary, look to Jesus, see His face! He thought the best possible of His murderers. He gazed at them with their black guilt and the Father the only imaginable excuse in the cry, "They know not what they do." Seek His love, learn of His pity, ask His compassion, plead His grace, and while in the revealing light of a blameless Christ, bearing the guilt and shame of a world's sin, pour hot condemnation on your every unkind thought, harsh judgement, evil-suspicion, and unmerciful conclusion, and seek Charity—which power alone can deliver you from the ruin in Time and earn in Eternity—of this hell-forged snare of the human mind—Evil-Thinking.

INDIVIDUAL PROGRESS.

The reason why the progress of the average individual is so slow is because he looks with too short vision at what he calls his own interest; he counts the immediate cost to himself of every venture. He keeps too rigid a debit and credit account with himself and the world. He grows old counting his pennies and wondering if he has received the full value for each penny expended. He is afraid to do a good deed for his neighbor, for fear it may not accrue to his own immediate welfare; and the sphere in which he lives becomes dwindled down to a disgustingly narrow circle, and he withers away worrying and fretting for fear he will not and everything, for fear his neighbor will also prosper. Let us broaden our sphere, and look with longer range into the future. Let us live as we go along, and help others to get a little enjoyment out of life. Money cannot be taken beyond the grave; and to-day we live, to-morrow we may die, and it is not worth it, and the best way to ensure a long life is to live a broad one, a cheery, unselfish one.



An Iron Pillar.

BIOGRAPHY OF MADAME GUYON.

CHAPTER X.

A Revival.

Invited to Turin, in Italy, she made the journey over the mountains with no small difficulty, and recommenced her pious toils all the nearer to Rome. "It pleased God," she says, "to make use of me in the conversion of two or three ecclesiastics. Attached to the prevalent views and practices, their renunciation in the doctrines of faith and of an inward life was at first great. One of these persons at first vilified me very much. But God at length led him to see his errors, and gave him new dispositions."

She did not, however, feel that her work lay in Italy, whose language she did not know; and after a short time we find her returning to France. She travelled towards Paris, and, calling at Grenoble, was immediately made an instrument in a great work of salvation there.

"People," says Madame Guyon, "flocked together from all sides, far and near. Friars, priests, men of the world, maidens, wives, widows, all came, one after another, to hear what was to be said. So great was the interest felt, that for some time I was wholly occupied from six o'clock in the morning till eight o'clock in the evening in speaking of God. It was not possible to aid myself much in my remarks by meditation and study. But God was with me. He enabled me in a wonderful manner, to understand the spiritual condition and wants of those who came to me. Many were the souls which submitted to God at this time. God knows how many. Some appeared to be changed, as it were, in a moment. Delivered from a state in which their hearts and lips were closed, they were at once endowed with the gift of prayer, which was wonderful. Marvellous indeed, was the work of the Lord."

"They were grievously chagrined," says Madame Guyon, "that a woman should be so much looked to and sought after. For, looking at the things as they were in themselves, and not as they were in God, who uses what instrument He pleases, they forgot, in their contempt for the instrument, to admire the goodness and grace manifested through it. The good brother, however, first converted herself, in his efforts, and after a time persuaded the Superior of the House to come, and at least to thank me for the charities of which he knew I had been the agent. He came. We entered into conversation. The Lord was present, and was pleased so to order my words, that they reached his heart. He was not only affected, but was at last convinced and completely gained over to the views, which he at first opposed. So much so, that he brought thither a number of religious looking at his own expense, and circulated them widely."

"In this Religious House there was a considerable number of persons as Novitiate. The new spirit of religious enquiry, based upon the principle that man is a sinner, and that he must be saved by repentance and faith in Christ, and that faith in God through Christ subsequently is and must be the foundation of the inward life, reached the midst of the Novitiate. It was a marked case. As he gave his attention to the subject, he became more and more uneasy, so much so that he knew not what to do. He could neither read nor study, nor go through in the usual manner the prescribed forms of prayer, nor scarcely do any of his other duties. The members of this Religious Home interested first, brought this Novitiate to me. We conversed some time, and then, if I am credibly enabled, by Divine assistance, to judge very accurately of his inward state, and to suggest views appropriate to his situation, the Lord made the God's presence was manifested in a wonderful manner. Grace wrought in his heart; and his soul drank in what he said as a man would drink of a summer drink in the rain. Before he left the room, the fears and sorrows of his mind departed. So far as his duties were concerned, he was a new man in Christ."

"He now studied and prayed readily and cheerfully, and discharged his other duties with a new spirit. He was scarcely known to himself or others. He was not only changed, but he was rejoiced to find that God was in him in principle of life which made the change permanent. There came him his daily bread spiritually, as well as temporally; imparting to him the peace and obtaining for him whatever pains he might take for it. Desiring to do good to others, he brought to me, from time to time, all the other Novitiate. All

were affected and blessed, though in different degrees. The Superior of the House and the Master of the Novitiate, ignorant of the instrumentally employed, could not forbear expressing their surprise at the great change in those under their charge. Conversing one day with a person connected with the house, and expressing their surprise at the great change in the Novitiate, this person said to them, "My Fathers, if you will permit me, I will tell you the reason. It is owing to the efforts of the lady against whom, without knowing her, you formerly exclaimed so much. God has made use of her efforts for all this."

"This, added to the favorable influence already existing, cannot fail to have a very marked effect. Both the Superior and the Master were advanced in years; but they condescended, with great humility to submit to such advice and instruction as I was able to give them. It was at this instrument for the particular benefit of those whose minds were affected in the manner related, that I wrote the little book entitled, "A short method of prayer."

"They experienced so much benefit from it, that the Superior said to me, "I am become quite a new man. Prayer, which was formerly burden-

Christ. He became a man constant in prayer, and was much favored of the Lord. I could not well describe the number of souls, of whose spiritual good God was pleased to make me the instrument. Among the number were three curates, one canon, and one grand-vicar, who were more particularly given to me. Generally speaking, those who sought religion did not seek in vain. There was one priest, however, for whom I was interested, and for whom, in my anxiety for his salvation, I suffered much. He desired religion, while he felt the power of other and inferior attachments. He sought it, but with a divided heart. The contest was severe, and it was with painful emotions, that I saw him after all his desires and efforts, go back again to the world."

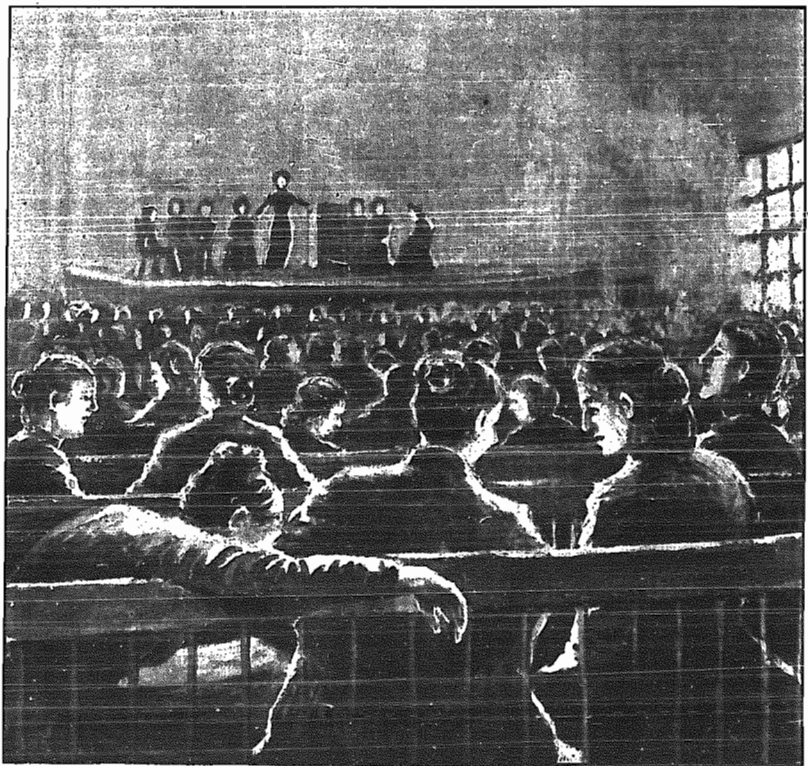
"I ought to add, perhaps, that those who are the subjects of this remarkable work, generally remained steadfast in the faith in the severe trials which followed, some of them were shaken for a time, but returned again. The great body were steadfast—immovable."

But the work did not stop here. A considerable number of persons in the Convent gave attention to these great truths. It was something new with

Charleuse, and was allowed to speak fully to the monks about sanctification.

Her "Methods of Prayer" were destined to be a mighty power in the land. One thousand five hundred copies were immediately given away by a good man in Grenoble, and wherever they went, they were eagerly read, and stirred people up to seek God. Three hundred copies were found and burnt in Dijon some time after this! She had done what she could in Grenoble. The enemy was furious, and the Bishop recommended her to go for a while to Marseilles. Accordingly, she went there, but, in a few hours, the whole city was excited over her, and the Bishop had to beg her to clear out! She was made a prisoner at least to one soul, however, during the eight days' stay.

"One day she entered into a church, in which some religious services were being performed. The priest, who had the direction of them, observed her; and after they were concluded, went immediately to the house in which she lodged, and stated to her, with great simplicity and frankness, his inward trials and necessities. "He made his statements," she remarks, "with as much humility as simplicity. In a



The League of Mercy—Meeting in the Women's Reformatory.

some to me, and especially after my intellectual faculties became exhausted and dull. I now practise with great pleasure and ease. God, who seemed formerly to be a great way off, is now near; and the communion I have with Him, which is frequent, results in great spiritual blessings."

"The Master of the Novitiate said, "I have been a member of the Religious House these forty years, and have practised the form of prayer, and perhaps in something of its spirit; but I can truly say, that I have never practised it as I have done since I read that little book. And I can say the same of my other religious exercises." Among the other persons experimentally interested, were three monks, men of ability and reputation, belonging to another monastery, the members of which were in general very much opposed to me."

"God also made me of service to a great number of nuns, virtuous young women, and even men of the world. Among those was a young man of the Order of the Knights of Malta. Led to understand something of the peaceful nature and effects of religion, he abandoned the profession of arms to that of a preacher of the Gospel of

those who had practised observances and austerities so long, to hear of reconciliation with God, by the simple and Scriptural method by faith in Christ alone. The good news, coming to their astonishment, from a woman's lips, and attended with what gives the true power to every announcement, namely, the Saviour's blessing, brought consolation to many a mourning heart. The thorough reformation of one of the inmates in particular, whose ungovernable disposition had for many years given trouble, attracted great notice. The wonderful change thus wrought in others, and particularly in this individual, was the means of establishing an intimate friendship between the Prioresse and herself."

"Her labors were not limited to religious instruction. The efforts so happily made at Thoron to establish an hospital for the sick, were followed by similar efforts at Grenoble."

CHAPTER XI. Journeyings.

Whilst at Grenoble, Madame Guyon visited the Monastery of the Grande-

very short time he was filled with joy, and thankful acknowledgement to God. He became a man of prayer, and a true servant of God."

"A strange power had this weak woman become in the hands of God! Rest in France seemed impossible. The only way seemed to go back to Italy."

"I took a letter to Marseilles," says Madame Guyon, for the purpose of being conveyed once more to the residence of the Marchioness of Paulin. I supposed that I could reach her residence by passing through Nice. But when I arrived at Nice, I was greatly surprised to learn that the litter, for some reason, could not pass the mountains which intervened. In this state of things I knew not what to do, except which way to turn. My confusion and crosses seemed daily to increase. Alone, as it were in the world, forsaken of all human help, and not knowing what God required of me, I saw myself without refuge or retreat, wandering like a vagabond on the face of the earth. I walked in the streets:

(Continued on page 12.)

THE BATTLE FIELD OF THE SALVATION ARMY

Circumstances.

Queer things these circumstances are,
Not likely much to please one;
A "new set" here, a "new set" there,
They're very apt to tease one.

They come so often, too; they try
The metal that is in us;
Sometimes they pull our faces wry,
And stir the depths within us.

A purpose has our God in each,
Our lives have need of moulding,
New lessons He designs to teach,
His will for us unfolding.



MINOT, N. D.—Another sinner has been in the Fountain since last report.—A. Graham, Capt.

BRAMPTON—God is with us. Finances good. TWO souls have come to the Cross.—Capt. Hanna.

DUNDAS—The salvation war is still going on. Good meetings Sunday, two souls at night. Glory!—M. Donaldson, Lieut.

FREDERICTON—Sunday, a day of Pentecost. The day ended with two backsliders in the Fountain.—Cadet Sharpsham.

ORILLIA—God is wonderfully blessing us. Eight have been forward for the last report. Praise God.—A. C. Reg. Cor.

NEWMARKET—Sunday six precious souls found Christ. Soldiers sang, shouted and danced for joy.—Yours etc.—B.

CHATHAM, N. B.—God is helping us here. Yesterday one dear man came back to the fold. Give to Jesus glory.—N. Knight, Capt.

CLARENVILLE, Nfld.—We are not dead. Sunday night's meeting two souls came and found pardon. We give God the glory.—D. Moulton, Capt.

BLOOMFIELD—Sunday and Monday Ensign Sims with us. Lantern service a success. We are in for victory.—Yours under the Hood, Captain Batten.

NEW GLASGOW, N. S.—The fight is growing more desperate. Five souls Sunday night, one Tuesday, and two have sought full salvation.—W. H. Byers, Adjt.

CALGARY—Lieut.-Colonel Margetta and Major McMillan with us for two meetings. Two have come to the Fountain since their visit.—Yours in the war, L. McN., R. C.

VICTORIA—Still going ahead. Good meetings, also good open-air crowds. Father Erskine has come back to God. Mother is delighted. God bless him and keep him true.—M. L.

WINDSOR, N. S.—We are on the move. Souls are getting saved. Just finished our sale to keep on the barracks. Did well. God blessed us. Going on to victory.—H. W., R. C.

ST. JOHN'S, Nfld.—Since last report we have had good times. Quite a number of souls have been saved and God glorified. On we go to conquer in His strength.—Capt. Barry.

PEVESHAM—Arrived here on the 24th of Oct. Found some Blood and Fire soldiers. Having good times. Crowds getting better. Two souls last week.—Yours in the fight, Capt. Brant.

VALLEY CITY—We are on the move. Lieut. Plawa has farewelled and Lieut. Forsberg has taken his place. One soul since last report. Soldiers are a brave lot.—Yours in the fight, Capt. Campbell.

REVELSTOKE, B. C.—The miners are all in town and we expect to have a big and grand revival here this winter. Something must explode soon—or later. Thursday night we had with us Lieut.-Colonel Margetta. The Col-

Have patience then, distracted one.
At present, grace He'll yield you;
You'll know it all when heaven's won,
Till then, He'll safely shield you.
E. B.

one! told many interesting stories of other people's salvation, and we believe many took it to themselves. We are still pressing on to glory.—Yours in Christ, Bro. S. Smith, C. S.

FARGO, N. D.—Having good meetings. Two for salvation and two for sanctification. Attendance is getting better. We had a Hindoo meeting the other night.—Yours in the war, M. H. S.

PORT ARTHUR—Things looking up. One backslider and two souls for salvation. The fire has started. Oh, for a greater baptism of the Holy Ghost on every comrade.—Captain and Mrs. Wilkins.

MINOT, N. D.—Sunday, good day, good crowds, and heat of all one precious soul saw his need, and volunteered out and got gloriously saved. Finished the day with a Hallelujah Wind-up.—A. Graham, Capt.

ST. THOMAS—At last we are in our new barracks, and everything is shaping for victory. Sunday, a good day. Two souls. At our half night of prayer a number also sought the blessing of a clean heart.—H. Freeman.

ST. JOHN, N. B.—Sunday, meetings good. Major Collier and Capt. Whitaker with us for the afternoon and night meeting. Although a blizzard raged, God was with us. We had to close without any souls.—G. L. C., Corps Cor.

HILLSBORO, N. D.—After getting hit with a dog and sent head over heels in a ditch off a wheel, and caught in a snow storm, etc., we can report victory in hitting out S.-D. target of \$30. Self-Denial is good for body and soul.—Mercer.

NEWMARKET—Sunday afternoon one left the ranks of the devil. In the evening four others laid their burden down at the feet of Jesus and took up His cross. The Self-Denial is progressing nicely in Newmarket corps.—Yours in Christ, W. C. O., Aux., Cor.

NORTH BAY—We are in for victory. During the past week two precious souls have found cleansing in the Blood. Soldiers on fire. People very kind. We're bound to make a move in the ranks of the enemy.—Capt. Stephens, Lieut. McLennan.

HALIFAX, N. S.—Monday night, one soul. Tuesday night we had Brigadier Pugmire and wife with us, and soldiers from the surrounding corps. Good crowds and three souls in the Fountain. Sunday night two more knelt at the Mercy Seat. Hallelujah!—Truax, Cashin.

HAY ROBERTS—Sunday night 't-det Grose farewelled from the corps, after nearly four years' faithful service as a soldier. She goes to the Training Home. At the close of the meeting one backslider returned home, making three for the week.—A. J. Brown, Capt.

CORRECTION.

GLACE BAY—Captain Bowring informs us that in correcting the report of the wedding which recently took place at Glace Bay, unfortunately the contracting parties were left

out, and in place of them, those of the "best man" and "best girl" were reported as having been married. The correct names are Bro. McEachern and Sergt. McDonald.

VANCOUVER, B. C.—Saturday night hearty and enthusiastic reception given to Lieut.-Colonel Margetta, accompanied by Brigadier Howell. We had lively meetings, at the close of which TWO sought salvation. Sunday, good all day. Ten souls. God's power was felt in a marvellous way. We are still marching on.—Bro. J. Harris.

REGINA, Assn.—We have been well favored with specials. The visit of Lieut.-Colonel Margetta and Major McMillan was enjoyed by all. The Colonel thrilled the audience with his anecdotes. Ensign Cummins also visited us with his lantern and graphophone. Good crowds. Finances doubled.—A. Hayes, Ensign.

LETHBRIDGE—On Tuesday last a Self-Denial Volunteer Troop of six soldiers and the Captain, went up to McLeod to collect for Self-Denial and held a meeting. After an open-air we marched to the Presbyterian Church. A good crowd followed us. We had a lively meeting, getting over \$40 for our target. Sunday night three souls came to God.—Yours in the fight, Mandus Rosaline, R. C.

OTTAWA—Self-Denial a week of special meetings, including Junior, lantern music, and special open-air meetings. On Sunday one brother gave himself entirely to God in the afternoon meeting, accompanied by his wife, took his stand for God on the S. A. platform. Praise God for victory. At the close of the meeting another soul came to a living Saviour.—A. J. French, Cor.

ST. ALBANS, Vt.—This place is booming. Capt. Wilson and Lieut. Crego have got a good hold. Quite a number of souls have been saved and sanctified, and recruits turned into soldiers. An old man (Roman Catholic) who has been attending meetings regularly for two months, got so convicted that he could not sleep, and had to get up and pray, last night came forward and surrendered to God and went away rejoicing that his eyes had been opened. Hallelujah! Forward, is our motto.—Bro. Harvey.

HELENA, Mont.—Self-Denial is going with a swing. Of course Helena will get there all right with her target. Specials meetings each night through the week. Very good attendance both in doors and out. Two souls this week. Hallelujah! Praise God for those who are turning from sin and are seeking the light. A nice little sum was realized on Thanksgiving Day from the turkey dinner, served by officers and soldiers. Ensign staggers' visit here, in the interest of G. B. M., was a success, and we believe a blessing to many. The entertainment by the

children on Monday night was well attended. God bless the little ones, and abundantly bless also the efforts put forth by those who have labored so faithfully with them. The Army work is in a healthful and prosperous condition here in Helena. We are in it to win, and we mean to fight it out to the bitter end. Relying on God's strength to carry us through. Glory to His name.—H.

KINMOUNT—We have had a visit from Brigadier Gaskin. His presence was an impetus to us all. The comrades got up a beautiful tea. Everything looked pleasant and home-like. He had a little talk with us. "Your brother has come," was the thread of the discourse. We are all busy with Self-Denial, hear the Captain has walked and rode about 70 miles this week collecting. One place the Captain went they gave him a small pig for S.-D. The Sergt-Major gave \$5 of his earnings for U.-S. Each comrade is doing their utmost.—Peter Cartwright.

HOULTON, Me.—We have been enjoying the fulness of God's smile the past week. A number have sought and obtained the blessing of a clean heart. Soldiers are all going in for more of God, and getting into uniform. Our Captain has been called away by the death of her father, but God has kept Ensign brave and strong. Two raised their hands for prayer, one an ex-minister. We had a good case of conversion Sunday. A man at the back of the barracks raised his hand and said, "I am a guilty sinner. Pray for me." Then took off his coat and walked bravely to the penitent form, where, after a hard struggle, he was made a new creature in Christ Jesus. We had a march round the barracks. The crowd held on till last.—Emily White, Corps Cor.

PORT ARTHUR—130 miles in a railway car, 30 in a sleigh over a corduroy road, 3½ miles climbing over rocks, and two Army lasses are at the Saw Bill Mines just fit to tumble into hell, tired to death. (Where Salvationists cannot get, it isn't worth while trying to get.) Held five good meetings, which netted two souls and \$70 for S.-D. Praise God. Home again by canoe, sleigh, toboggan, hand car, tie pass, freight train, and electric car. After deducting expenses, left the handsome sum of \$35 to start the ball rolling for \$20. These mines have never heard the Gospel preached up there before. Mrs. Wilkins reckons she can go to Klondike after that trip. War Crys went ten cents each, some two for a quarter (when they got scarce. There is only fifty men at this and the Hammond Reef Mine. God bless these men. Mrs. Wilkins and Mrs. Rawson were the only ladies that ever ate a meal at the H. H. Mine. God bless our women workers. Amen.—S. C.

PIONEERS AT KLONDIKE



MINER—SAY BILL I'LL SWOP
YOU THIS NUGGET
FOR THAT
CHRISTMAS WAR CRY

MISSIN

To Parents, Relations and Friends:

caves of the West-End. Young men, these places are just outside hell! They are not fit for a beggar to go into, let alone a young man of good parentage and good character. Ruin, disgrace and the bitterest remorse lies by the way of the gay drinking-saloon. The few paltry drinks that the young man puts down his neck is nothing in comparison to the poison that enters his mind from the detestable characters who frequent these places. It is the very atmosphere of hell."

A LITTLE OF LIFE'S WISDOM

Perform a kind action, and you will feel a kind feeling growing within you, even if it is not there before. As you increase the number of your kind and charitable interests, you find that the more you do for others the more you love them. Serve them, not because they are your friends, not because they are interesting, not because they are grateful—serve them for the simple reason that they are your brethren, and then you will very soon find that the fervent heart keeps time with the charitable hands.

Translated from *Le Citoyen Franco-Américain*, of Springfield, Mass.: "

The Salvation Army courts among the

sovereignty of Europe's fervent protectors. The young Queen of Holland and her mother, for example, never miss an occasion to show their sympathy to the soldiers of General Booth. Salvationist barracks are established in the principle cities of Holland, and Queen Wilhelmina contributes an important part to the support of those "troops." In Denmark the entire royal family, and more particularly the Kronprinz, entertain the best feelings towards them. The Swedish King Oscar helps likewise the Salvationist propaganda, especially among poor people.

1001 people, 4.7%

"But were you never caught?"

"I should think I was!" he exclaimed. "Many a time. But I was never caught red-handed. I've been arrested in bed, and in the street with my bogus violin case; but I was never arrested whilst at work, when the lust of robbery was hot upon me. I've suffered for my crimes—oh! God!

[illegible]

THE EQUIPMENT OF A FIRST-CLASS BURGLAR

knows I've suffered! You can't be a hurglar for ever without being caught."

"Not a penny! I've spent thousands of pounds of other people's money; but I never saved any. I was always spending money on future 'jobs,' and

I lived in great style. I once spent two years in laying and maturing the plans of a big robbery, and it cost a mint of money to develop the plot. When in London I used to frequent West-End restaurants and resorts of vice, and I associated with those big swells who have recently gone to prison. I could introduce you to fifty swell mobsmen any night in the resorts of Piccadilly Circus and its shady neighborhood. Their game is to drag

Young Men of Noble Connections
into financial difficulties, live and fatten on them, and ultimately ruin

"Yes," said he; "It's the glitter that attracts the moths. There are human moths—poor, silly, indiscreet youths, who walk upon the spider's web. There are hundreds of

Human Octopusee

BACKSLIDERS.

A minister's little girl and her playmates were talking about serious things. "Do you know what a backslider is?" she questioned. "Yes, I know," said the playmate promptly. "But what do you see about them?" "Oh, that's easy. You see when people are good they go to church and sit up in front. When they get a little tired of being good they slide back a seat, and keep on sliding till they get clear back to the door. After a while they slide clear out and never come to church at all."

WHAT DO YOU DO WITH YOUR CURRENT LITERATURE?

We are still in need of books, magazines, and good periodicals for the "Home Reading Room" of our various Rescue Homes. The Field Commissioners will be grateful if friends who sympathize with the cause of the blind, will contribute to this character in the following addresses:

TORONTO.—Major Stewart, 516 Yonge St. [Ave.]
 LONDON S. Ont.—Staff Captain Cowan, Riverview
 St. JOHN, N. B.—Adjutant John 65 Elliot Row.
 MONTREAL.—Adjutant Levesque, 243 St. Antoine St.
 HALIFAX, N. S.—Ensign Beckwith, 40 Hollis St.
 OTTAWA.—Adjutant McDonald, 760 Wellington St.
 St. JOHNS, Nfld.—Ensign Tongue, 20 Cook St.
 SPOKANE, Wash.—Adj. Langtry, 732 Fourth Ave.
 HELENA, Mont.—Adj. Walton, 633 Breckinridge St.
 WINNIPEG Man.—Mrs Major Jewer, 486 Yonge St.

—OR TO—

MRS. BRIDGEMAN READ, ALBERT St., TORONTO.

To Parents, Relations and Friends:

We will search for missing persons in any part of the globe; befriend and, as far as possible, assist wronged women and children, or any one in difficulty. Address Commissioner Evangeline Booth, 16 Albert st. Toron'o, and mark "Inquiry" on the envelope. Fifty cents should be sent, if possible, to defray expenses.

Officers, Soldiers and Friends are requested to look regularly through this column and to notify the Commissioner if they are able to give any information about persons advertised for.

First Insertion.

3220, BOSTON, THOMAS. Age about 22, last address, c.o. Mr. Wm. Stewart, Welland P. O., Ont. Address Enquiry, Toronto.

3221. BURRY MRS. (nee McEvoy). Came to Canada in 1870. Had two daughters, Mary and Martha. Last known to be living in New London, Ont. Friends enquiring. Address Enquiry, Toronto.

3222. BENNETT, JAMES. Age about 80. Wheelwright by trade; in business for himself. May be dead. Friends in England seek information. Address Enquiry, Toronto.

3223. CAMPRELL, JAMES ANDERSON. Age 28, height 5 ft. 7 in., fair hair, blue eyes, was a fireman. Supposed to be in Nova Scotia. Wife making enquiries. Address Enquiry, Toronto.

3324. CLOW, or CLARK, JOHN A. Age 15, fair complexion, freckled, light hair, light blue eyes, scar under left jaw from abscess, scar on back of right hand. Was in Kingston three years ago, then went out in direction of Sharbot Lake. Mother anxious. Address Mrs. Peter Clark, c.o. Mr. John Reeves, King St., Kingston, Ont., or Enquiry, Toronto.

3229. GOUGH, THOMAS. Supposed to be or have been a Police Commissioner in Canada. Present whereabouts desired, as good news awaits him. Address Enquire, Toronto.

3230. HUBBERT, HENRY. Age 23
height 5 ft. 2 in., dark brown hair, blue
eyes, last address (three years ago)
c/o, Mr. Keans, St. Armand Station,
Montreal, Que. Was a farm laborer,
emigrated from England. Address En-
quiry, Toronto.

331. HUGHES, ARTHUR. Age about 23. Was cook at the Lighthouse, Montreal. Last known address 251 Victoria St., Toronto, and was then working on C. P. R. dining car. Mother very sick and anxious to hear from him. Addressing Toronto.

3234. JONES, MRS. MARY or POLLY. Complexion dark. Last address 39 Centre Ave., Toronto. Not heard of since 1892. Friends in England anxious for information. Husband a printer and had very bad health. Address Enquiry, Toronto.

3235. KITUMAGAH (nec Bosse) MRS. Rose. Age 43, height 5 ft. 5 in., brown hair, dark eyes. Left England for Canada 11 years ago and has not been heard of since. Her husband was a baker by trade.

3236. LARK, WALTER. Age about 31, height 5 ft. 6 in., light hair, fair complexion. Once lived in Ottawa. Father anxious. Address Enquiry, Toronto.

3237. LITTLE, PETER. Last heard of at Minot, N. D. Height 5 ft. 9 in., fair complexion, troubled with asthma, blacksmith by trade. Brother anxious to hear from him. Address George Thomas Little, Petrol P. O., Manitoba.

3239. McCULLOCH, JOHN. Age 61.
Native of Co. Antrim, Ireland. Height
5 ft. 6 in., dark complexion. Left Ire-
land for New York 40 years ago. Was
last heard of 35 years ago, in Upper
Canada. Gardener by profession.
Brother James enquires. Address En-

3240. McGUINIS, JOE and JAMES
Supposed to be in North Dakota. Brother wishes to hear from them. Address Enquiry, Toronto.

3241. MORRIS, SAMUEL ROBERT JOHN, Age 41. Left England 2 years ago for Galt Home. Last heard of from Listowell. Mother enquires Address Mrs. Archer, Milton, Otago New Zealand, or Enquiry Toronto.

It is of very little account what men think of us, but it is of great importance what God thinks of us.—Moody.



GASKIN AGAIN ON TOP.

He Got Nigger Fixed up all Right—Bennett Close Behind, while Southall is now Third.

CHAMPION SELLER, CAPT. HORWOOD, CHARLOTTETOWN, 271.

Things are getting decidedly exciting and we may look for bigger surprises yet. Gaskin did not sit long on the fence, but got a quick move on and overtook Southall last week, and is still further ahead this week. He says he is going to stay in the lead and let others follow.

Southall has not only been defeated two weeks in succession by Gaskin, but this week Bennett has also overtaken him. Southall, with a jerk, was pulled from his noble Arab and fell into the dusty, tack-strewn highway. I hope some good Samaritan will pick him up and attend to his restorations.

Bennett is rejoicing. He is hard after Gaskin, and hopes to overtake him presently; he is not going to be in the rear any longer. Gaskin will have his work cut out to keep ahead.

"My heartiest sympathies to you. Your punctured Nigger looks heart-breaking. Of course, you all know, if I only tried, I could beat every Province." So wrote Brigadier Pugmire recently to Gaskin, and we hope he will "sally" and show us how he is doing it. Come on, my dear Easterner, and lick the rest of them.

The North-West is coming on well. 25 Hustlers reported this week gives good hopes. That's right, push ahead, and don't fail to report regularly.

The Pacific shows twelve and Newfoundland nine hustlers. Keep at it; perseverance will prevail in the end.

Next week's issue will be the Christmas War Cry, and there will be no Hustlers' Column, but the total results will be given in the Cry dated Dec. 1st, so you will get credit for the week all right.

I wish all the hustlers a happy and hunting Christmas. Push the Christmas War Cry; it will be a beauty. If I have done anyone any hurt by my notes, I want you to forgive me, and remember whatever is said is not said to cut you, but in harmless joke. God bless you all!

Yours as ever,

HARRY HUSTLER.

These are the officers who increased and decreased their orders for War Cry:

THESE ROSE.

Ensign Fitzpatrick, Kamloops, B.C. 31
Capt. Kenney, Meaford, Ont. 25
Capt. G. Thompson, Halifax N.S. 20
Ensign Smith, Cowansville, Ont. 10
Capt. Sherwin, Oshawa, Ont. 6
Adj. Ayre, Victoria, B.C. 1

AND THESE DROPPED.

Capt. Prentice, Sheridan, Wyo. 22
Adj. Byers, New Glasgow, N.S. 22
Capt. Culbert, Uxbridge, Ont. 12
Ensign Alward, Spokane, Wash. 12
Capt. Lewis, Klamath Falls, Ont. 10
Capt. Howcroft, Parry Sound, Ont. 10
Capt. Pelley, Amherst, N.S. 10
Adj. Miller, Yarmouth, N.S. 10
Capt. Slater, Brooklin, Ont. 6

CENTRAL ONTARIO PROVINCE.

85 Hustlers.

SISTE PEACE, Temple 100
Capt. Mathews, Brockbridge 80
Sergt. M. Dyker, Orillia 82
Lieut. Kivell, Owen Sound 76
Ensign H. Cameron, Riverside 75
Ensign Jones, Bowmanville 70
Ensign Fox, St. Catharines 65
Bro. Calvert, Brockbridge 60
Bro. Case, Hamilton I. 60
Sergt. Major Beall, St. Catharines 59
Capt. Win. White, Oakville 58
Capt. Stevens, Orillia 57
Mrs. Passmore, Hamilton I. 50
Sister Currell, Temple 50

Lieut. M. Howcroft, Parry Sound 50
Capt. M. Stephens, North Bay 50
Lieut. McLennan, North Bay 50
Capt. F. Chink, Collingwood 50
Lieut. J. Russell, Collingwood 50
Mrs. Bowler, Ligar St. 48
Lieut. Copper, St. Catharines 46
Capt. Fisher, Hamilton I. 45
Capt. Hanna, Brampton 45
Capt. Nelson Gravenhurst 45
Sergt. Major Bone, Barrie 45
Capt. A. Sherwin, Sudbury 45
Lieut. L. Bond, Sudbury 45
Sergt. Major Hunter, Newmarket 41
Cadet Thompson, Richmond St. 43
Cadet Levitt, Richmond St. 43
Capt. A. Cornish, Faversham 42
Capt. Stolliker, Riverside 42
Sister Medlock, Temple 42
Bro. Dixon, Temple 41
Lieut. Cornish, Faversham 40
Capt. Rowe, Yorkville 40
Lieut. Fell, Orangeville 40
Sister Mrs. Russell, Orangeville 40
Lieut. Wadge, Brampton 40
Mrs. Capt. McClelland, Midland 38
Lieut. Donaldson, Dundas 35
Lieut. White, Huntsville 35
Capt. Brant, Faversham 35



SOUTHALL, WITH A JERK, WAS PULLED OFF HIS NOBLE ARAB, AND FELL INTO THE DUSTY, TACK-STREWN HIGHWAY.

Mrs. Gills, Yorkville 33
Sergt. Major Bowers, Ligar St. 33
Lieut. J. Marshall, Omemee 31
Capt. Barker, Oshawa 30
Capt. Darnack, Oshawa 30
Ensign Smith, Owen Sound 30
Cadet Bone, Lippincott 30
Cadet Edwards, Lippincott 29
Capt. Hart, Riverside 29
Cadet Ringler, Lippincott 29
Lieut. Jackson, Stroud 27
Lieut. Dales, Oshawa 27
Capt. Major Bradley, Temple 25
Capt. Culbert, Uxbridge 25
Capt. Smith, Dundas 25
Lieut. Cook, Uxbridge 25
Sergt. Major Bradley, Temple 25
Sister Garvie, Temple 25
Sister McQuig, Temple 25
Mrs. Wilson, Hamilton I. 25
Capt. Feller, Hamilton I. 25
Capt. S. Tincey, Aurora 24
Lieut. Northcott, Newmarket 24
Cadet Symonds, Lippincott 23
Capt. Yeomans, Lippincott 23
Mrs. Capt. Williams, Newmarket 22
Bro. Slanton, Hamilton I. 22
Lieut. Kempel, Lippincott 22
Bro. H. Bennett, Ligar St. 21
Cadet Lang, Lippincott 20
Sister Benly, Hamilton I. 20
Mrs. Taylor, Hamilton I. 20
Sister Keeler, Newmarket 20
Sister Boulton, Temple 20
Bro. Wm. Stevens, Riverside 20
Capt. A. J. Wiseman, Brookline 20

Capt. Gammage, Little Current 20
Capt. Rose, Dovercourt 20
Bro. G. Obettosway, Little Current 20
Sister Price, Dovercourt 20
Father Curry, Hamilton II. 20
Sergt. Thompson, Sudbury 20
Mrs. Ensign Jones, Bowmanville 20
Sister Simpson, Yorkville 20

EAST ONTARIO PROVINCE.

80 Hustlers.

CAPT. WILSON, St. Albans 210
CADET BROOKETS, Renfrew 147
CAPT. CONNORS, Ottawa 130
ENSIGN WALKER, Belleville 114
ADJ. GOODWIN, Ottawa 112
SERGT. PERKINS, Barre, Vt. 100
SERGT. DUDLEY, Ottawa 100
Ensign Kendall, Cobourg 91
Capt. Hill, Port Hope 90
Capt. Jones, Burlington, Vt. 85
Capt. Downey, Burlington, Vt. 85
Capt. Chappell, Deseronto 85
Mrs. Adj. McAmmond, Kingston 81
Lieut. Burch, Newport, Vt. 73
Capt. French, Peterboro (av. 3 wks) 70
Mrs. Adj. Blackburn, Pictou 70
Adj. Bradley, Cornwall 70
Mrs. Simmons, Kingston 68
Lieut. Butcher, Brockville 68
Capt. Green, Tweed 66
Lieut. McFarlane, Gananoque 64
Lieut. Williams, Pembroke 64
Adj. Blackburn, Pictou 60
Capt. Norman, Nanawake 60
Lieut. Woods, Nanawake 60
Sergt. Rogers, Montreal I. 60

Capt. Crego, Sunbury 25
Mrs. Stone, Lakefield (av. 3 wks) 24
Sister N. Werry, Peterboro 24
Mrs. Ensign Walker, Belleville 24
Mrs. Heffern, Montreal II. 22
Mrs. Grier, Peterboro (av. 3 wks) 22
Capt. Bearchell, Trenton 20
Sister Phelps, Pictou 20
Sister Sturmy, Pictou 20
Bro. Insley, Pictou 20
Lieut. O'Neil, Millbrook 20
Staff-Capt. Burditt, Montreal I. 20
Ensign Yercx, Montreal III. 20
Sergt. Ross, Belleville 20
Sister Clark, Belleville 20
Capt. Nyland, Odessa 20
Sister Mrs. Fraser, Montreal I. 20
Herdie McManly, Kingston 20
Cand. F. Hoole, Montreal I. 20

WEST ONTARIO PROVINCE.

68 Hustlers.

S.-M. MRS. HUFFMAN, Woodstock 25
CAPT. HELLAN, London 18
ENSIGN M. COLLETT, Brantford 18
LIEUT. E. M. HOCKIN, Brantford 10
SISTER B. DOUGH, Stratford 12
CAPT. M. C. ALLEN, Woodstock 10
LIEUT. PICKLE, Wallaceburg 10
Lieut. Fyfe, Petrolia 10
Lieut. Jordan, Sarnia 10
Lieut. Scudamore, Leamington 10
Sister D. Bond, Wingham 10
Ensign Dean, Hespeler 10
Lieut. Carr, Dresden 10
Lieut. Beale, Seaford 10
Capt. Huntingdon, Clinton 10
Capt. Mathers, Guelph 10
Capt. W. H. Cockerill, Forest 10
Mrs. Ensign M. C. Allen, Woodstock 10
Sister F. Yeo, Windsor 10
Capt. M. Rees, Watford 10
Sergt. McDougall, Goderich 10
Sister Knapp, Goderich 10
Cand. Partridge, Hespeler 10
Ensign Gamble, Petrolia 10
Capt. Gibson, Sarnia 10
Capt. Bell, Palmerston 10
Capt. Jarvis, Drayton 10
Lieut. J. Bonny, Hothwell 10
Capt. Freeman, St. Thomas 10
Capt. F. Burton, Windsor 10
Ensign Ottaway, Guelph 10
Mrs. Martin, St. Thomas 10
Adj. Coombs, London 10
Capt. Crawford, Leamington 10
Sergt. Major M. Allen, Mitchell 10
Capt. Heister, Norwich 10
Lieut. Stickle, Norwich 10
Sister A. Hampton, St. Thomas 10
Lieut. Baird, Llistowel 10
Sergt. Major Scott, Guelph 10
Sergt. Graham, Thamesville 10
Capt. Haley 10
Sergt. M. Schuster, Berlin 10
Sergt. Mrs. Butler, London 10
Sister F. Palmer, London 10
Sergt. Mrs. Harris, London 10
Bro. M. Benn, Wallaceburg 10
Capt. Hoddinott, Hespeler 10
Mrs. McQuinn, Hespeler 10
Ensign Rayner, Paris 10
Ensign F. McKenzie, Berlin 10
Lieut. Winter, Goderich 10
Sister Polkerson, Sarnia 10
Lieut. Crawford, Almeda 10
Capt. Cos, Essex 10
Mrs. McKenzie, Berlin 10
Sergt. G. S. Sime, London 10
Lieut. Hodgson, Wingham 10
Lieut. Churchhill, Tilbury 10
Sergt. M. Wilson, Tilbury 10
Sister F. Broadwell, Kingsville 10
Sister F. C. Conner, Tilbury 10
Lieut. Burrows, Paris 10
Lieut. Stitzer, Leamington 10
Sister M. E. Sime, London 10
Sister M. Fritchley, Listowel 10
Sister Cheeseman, London 10
Sergt. Love, Seaford 10

EASTERN PROVINCE.

45 Hustlers.

CAPT. A. HORWOOD, Charlotte-town 21
SISTER M. SMITH, Westville 18
CAPT. C. ALLEN, Windsor 18
SERGT. C. WARD, St. John I. 18
CADET HOWBOLD, St. John I. 10
CAPT. J. BOWERING, Glace Bay 10
HIO. J. KELLEY, St. George's 10
Lieut. Baird, Listowel 10
CADET DEAKIN, Fredericton 10
Cadet Pemberton, St. John I. 10
Capt. J. Bowering, Windsor 10
Lieut. Norman, Belleville 10
Sergt. Armstrong, St. John III. 10
Sergt. Mrs. Olive, Carleton 10
Lieut. Muttar, Woodstock 10
Lieut. Norman, Belleville 10
Sergt. Major Chandler, St. John III. 10
Sergt. Major Morrison, Glace Bay 10
Cand. Urquhart, Sprinfield 10

Adj. Byers, New Glasgow	50
Cand. Webber, New Glasgow	50
Sergt. Moore, Windsor	50
Capt. Brabant, John	50
Mrs. Williams, St. John III	49
Sergt. Allen, St. John III	47
Capt. Pittman, Sydney	47
Sister L. Selan, Carleton	46
Bro. Jones, St. Georges, Ber. (av. 2 wks)	40
Bro. Read, St. John I.	40
Sister M. Lyons, Fredericton	40
Ensign Penney, Sydney	35
Capt. F. Knight, Chatham	35
Capt. N. Knight, Chatham	31
Sister H. Adams, London	30
Sister J. Rogers, Windsor	30
Sergt. Irons, Windsor	30
Sister M. Chas. Fredericton	27
Sister Beatty, Fredericton	27
Capt. Thompson, Windsor	27
Mother England, Chatham	25
Sister M. Pollock, Fredericton	25
Cadet Armstrong, Fredericton	25
Cadet Dunscomb, Fredericton	25
Sergt. Hayman, Halifax II	25
Cand. Glasgow, Fredericton	23
Cadet Sharpsharpe, Fredericton	23
Cadet Kirk, Fredericton	21
Sister G. Currie, Woodstock	20
Mrs. Taylor, Chatham	20

NORTH-WEST PROVINCE.

26 Hustlers.

CADET CURTIS, Winnipeg	125
MRS. ADJT. GALE, Rat Portage	112
LIEUT. BARNER, Calgary (av. 2 wks)	112
CAND. HOEFFNER, Valley City	100
Ensign Hayes, Regina (av. 2 wks)	95
Cadet Wilcox, Winnipeg	85
Lieut. N. Mayer, Grafton (av. 2 wks)	85
Capt. McKay, Laramore	65
Sister McNabb, Portage in Prairie	56
Cadet Wick, Winnipeg	56
Mrs. Capt. Wilkins, Port Arthur	56
Cadet Habkirk, Rat Portage	56
Lieut. Anderson, Fargo	47
Sister S. Crosswell, Valley City	46
Lieut. Clark, Minot	44
Sister M. Chapman, Winnipeg	43
Capt. Patterson, Fargo	40
Capt. J. C. Habkirk, Portage in Prairie	36
Cadet M. Jones, Rat Portage	34
Sister Mrs. Burrows, Morden	30
Cadet Bland, Rat Portage	27
Sister S. Chapman, Winnipeg	27
Sister B. Johnson, Winnipeg	20
Lieut. Pluws, Newnan	20
Capt. E. Kernen, Morden	20

PACIFIC PROVINCE.

12 Hustlers.

LIEUT. G. MORRIS, Rossland	150
MRS. ADJT. AYLE, Victoria	100
SISTER LEWIS, Victoria	100
Mrs. Capt. Hooker, Wallace	99
Mrs. Adj. Hay, Butte	75
Cadet Long, Lewiston	75
Capt. Thoroldson, Nanaimo	68
Adj. Hay, Butte	45
Sister Garland, Nanaimo	35
Capt. Arnold, Trail	30
Cadet Brown, Trail	20
Sadie White, Nanaimo	20

NEWFOUNDLAND PROVINCE.

9 Hustlers.

Bro. Peckham, St. Johns I.	50
Bro. Chiles, St. Johns I.	50
Cadet Kearley, St. Johns I.	40
Capt. Moulton, Clarville	40
Cadet Franks, St. Johns I.	35
Cadet Sparklin, St. Johns I.	35
Lieut. Pugh, St. Johns I.	30
Sister Cave, St. Johns I.	20
Lieut. Crew, St. Johns I.	20
Bro. Win. Carter, St. Johns I.	20

KLONDIKE.

1 Hustler.

LIEUT. AIKEN, Dawson City	225
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CREDITORS, OR
MORTGAGEES?

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ANY PERSON HAVING MONEY TO INVEST would do well to write to Territorial Headquarters for information. We can offer most reliable security with interest for large or small sums. Full particulars can be had from MONTGOMERY CORRIE, James and A. West Streets, Toronto.

My Trip to Norway.

ENSIGN IDA STEVENS.

II.

I spent the most of my time at home and in my little trips visiting some sick people. Everybody was very curious to hear about the Army, when they heard that I was a Salvationist, and wished me to conduct some meetings. I complied with their request, thinking that it might do the Army a great deal of good in the future, the Army not having opened there yet. I held two meetings in my own town, Anselund, which were very largely attended, in fact the building could not contain all that came, and a great number had to be turned away. The

people were anxious to hear what I had to tell them. There were all classes present—teachers, sceptics and widows, etc., all eager to hear the Army lesson from America. Many, knowing me previous to my leaving Norway, felt they would get from me the truth of what the Salvation Army believed in. Their opinions were very strange, not classing the S. A. as a religious people whatever. Knowing this, I gave them true statements and plenty of the Bible. I talked to them for two hours and a half, and not one stirred to go. After the meeting was brought to a close they came forward to thank me, saying that they enjoyed the meeting very much, and if what I had told them was the teachings of the Army, they could not find anything wrong in it. A great many went away with their eyes opened and a warmer spot in their heart for the Army.

Returning.

My six weeks rest seemed to come too quickly to an end. The time had finally arrived for me to return to my post of duty. The parting was very sad. My father almost tempted to come with me. If we were to question flesh and blood at all times we would not be of much use to God. I left home at the end of October. Being obliged to wait at Bergen for the steamer, I had a very pleasant time with the Army men, and attended a large Junior Demonstration, and another special meeting, I, taking part in one, was able to give a small amount of our work in Canada. The officers in charge were very kind, the Captain being able to talk English. Self-Denial was just on and they were having a wonderful success.

On the whole the work seems to have a good footing in Norway: I never saw such crowds. The admission is by ticket only to every meeting. There is excellent discipline, fine organization regarding local officers, the Junior work is on a splendid footing. Everything is done systematically, and there is no deviating from the rules. Perfect order prevails throughout the entire meetings. During that week they had about twelve souls saved.

I left Bergen for England on the 2nd of November. We had such a rough storm in crossing the North Sea that everybody on board was sick. The Inspector of the boat, knowing that I was from America, explained about our work, seeming anxious to know about the financial side, and how we managed about the property. I was very pleased to give him a correct statement, and he expressed himself thankful to gain the truth, and said we were doing a good work.

In England.

On arriving at Newcastle, we took the train for London. Entering the station a very sad sight met my eyes—a well-dressed man was so drunk that she could neither walk nor stand up, and had to be carried by two men to a carriage. The cabman had to get into the carriage to lift her on and seat to keep her from falling. I felt there was such a need of us being up and doing all we could. My heart ached to see poor soul in her carriage was soon rumbling away, perhaps to a place where she will not get any better, but worse. Oh, how I longed to tell her about Jesus, who could save.

We were soon on our way to Southampton. Here we had to lay over for a week to wait for connections as we had been delayed by a storm on the North Sea.

It seemed to be a very common occurrence here to see intoxicated women. One evening, two very neatly but plainly dressed women passed the place where I was staying, attracting everybody's attention, being so drunk they could hardly keep on their feet. A crowd of children were having great amusement by teasing and provoking them. The one had rolled about until she was covered with mud. Taking her by the arm, I said, "Let me take you home, I am sorry to see you in such a state."

She replied, "I am no young woman. I am married and got two little children at home."

I succeeded in taking her about two blocks, when passing a saloon she stopped short and said, "Come in, partner, and have a drink."

"I don't drink."

"Have a light drink of lemonade!"

I told her that I was a Salvation Army officer, and entreated her to live a different life, beseeching her to go home and not in there.

"I have plenty of money," she said, putting out a lot of money, and "looking herself free, rushed inside the saloon. This I had to leave her and go back, feeling I had not accomplished very much, but felt satisfied I had done my duty."

We left Saturday, the 12th, by the steamer "Paris," and had a very rough voyage all the way, until we reached New York harbor, the 13th. All had been sick, even the sailors. It minded me of poor Jonah, when the boat he went on was being tossed about in a great storm, only he was the cause of it all, because he shirked his duty, with I had the comforting knowledge I was hastening to do it. Toronto was my first destination, arriving here at noon on Monday. I was glad to meet with old friends here in the person of Brigadier and Mrs. Friedrich, having known them in Spokane as my Provincial Assistant Officers. I was pleased to see my beloved Commissioner and other Staff officers, and enjoyed my stay in Toronto very much.

By the time we reaches the readers of the War Cry I will have arrived at Spokane, where I expect to be in charge for the winter. I am looking forward to accomplish as much as I can during this winter for the Kingdom of God, and I am truly glad to be back at my post.



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IN

Winter Overcoats

On orders received not later than December 25th, we will throw off ...

TEN PER CENT.,

which means that our very best Overcoat with Cape will cost you only \$23.50, instead of \$26; our cheapest one, \$12.60 instead of \$14.00.

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Heavy Serge Overcoats

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	No.	Without Cape.	With Cape.	Goods per yd. all 56 in. wide.
Serge,	494	\$16 00	\$21 00	\$2 25
"	4621	17 00	22 00	2 40
"	4777	18 00	23 50	2 60
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In order to get the above discount, it is necessary to cut out the Coupon below and send same with order.

COUPON.	 CHRISTMAS OFFER IN OVERCOATS.
	THIS COUPON will be received as 10 per cent off payment on ONE OVERCOAT if ordered before
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	The TRADE SECRETARY.
	Kindly give Name.

We have no ready-made Overcoats in stock. Yours will be made to your measure. For Samples and Measurement Forms kindly apply to your Provincial Officer. In filling up the Measurement Form kindly be careful to state your exact height and weight, together with any peculiarities that may be helpful to us in giving a good fit. We guarantee satisfaction. God bless you!

THE TRADE SECRETARY.



Reveries

Tune.—At Thy feet I fall (B.J. 91).

1 O Lamb of God! Thou wonderful
Sin-bearer,
Hard after Thee my soul doth
follow on;
As pants the hart for streams in desert
drenny,
So thirsts my soul for Thee, Thou
life-giving One.

Chorus.

At Thy feet I fall,
Yield Thee up my all.
To suffer, life, or die
For my Lord crucified.

I mourn, I mourn the sins that drove
Thee from me,
And blackest darkoens brought into
my soul;
Now I renounce the cursed thing that
hindered,
And come once more to Thee to be
made fully whole.

Descend the heavens, Thou whom my
soul adareth!
Exchange Thy throne for my poor
longing heart.
For Thee, for Thee; I watch as for the
morning;
Apart from Thee, on rest, peace, or
joy do I find.

Come, Holy Ghost, Thy mighty aid
bestowing,
Destroy the works of sin—the self.
Burn, burn in me, my idols overthrow-
ing,
Prepare my heart for Him—for my
Lord crucified!

Consecration.

Tune.—The Cross now covers my sins
(S.M., L. 103; B.J. 80).

2 The past and its failure now leav-
ing,
And claiming Thy wonderful
grace,
O Lord, to Thy Cross we are cleaving,
Thy suffering and toil we embrace.

Chorus.

Whatever may hinder, forsaking,
Dear Saviour, before Thee we bow;
Behold for Thy service we're making
A full consecration just now.

Yes, down at Thy feet we surrender
This moment the whole we possess;
Redeemed by Thy love, great and ten-
der,
We dare not give anything less.

Whatever may come, joy or sorrow,
To rescue the lost we are Thine;
And bearing the cross we will follow,
O Lord, at Thy bidding Divine.

He Seeks the Lost.

Tune.—Calling for the wanderer home.

3 Jesus stands, and knocks, and
pleads,
Calling for the wanderer home;
And for sinners intercedes,
Calling for the wanderer home.

Chorus.

Boundless love, beyond degree,
Calling for the wanderer home;
Jesus longs to set you free,
Calling for the wanderer home.

As a lamb to slaughter led,
Calling for the wanderer home;
On the cross His Blood was shed,
Calling for the wanderer home.

He has often called before,
On the cross His Blood was shed,
Now He's waiting at the door,
Calling for the wanderer home.

Excellent Illustrations
and Many of
Them

Come, oh, come, while yet He stands,
Calling for the wanderer home;
While in love He spreads His hands,
Calling for the wanderer home.

Soon His mercy will be o'er,
Calling for the wanderer home;
Thou shalt hear His voice no more,
Calling for the wanderer home.

Salvation.

Tunes.—Ready to die (B.J. 10, 3): Are
you washed? (B.J. 210, 2): The
Saviour stands waiting (B.J. 17, 1);
Just like Him (B.J. 19, 21).

4 With a sorrow for sin
Must repentance begin,
Then conversion, of course, will
draw nigh;
But till washed in the Blood
Of the crucified Lord,
You'll never be ready to die.

And that you may succeed,
Come along with all speed
To a Saviour who will not deny;
Tell Him plainly in brief
That for sin you feel grief,
And you long to be ready to die.

We've His word and His oath,
And His Blood seals them both,
And we're sure the Almighty can't lie:
If you do not delay,
But repent while you may,
He will soon make you ready to die.

When the fight we have done,
And the victory won,
We to Mansions of Glory shall fly:
There eternally praise
The best Anient of Days,
For His love made us ready to die.

War and Experience.

Tune.—Victory for me (M. S., II., 48;
B.J. 69).

5 In the war, oh, hallelujah!
What a glorious joy to be
Fighting for so kind a Saviour,
Leading us to victory!
Jesus calls for volunteers,
Who will dare to stay or linger?
Put aside all selfish fears,
Everyone must help or hinder.

Chorus.

Brave and daring, hardship bearing,
Bringing the lost to the light;
On we go, to rout each foe,
In Jesus' might.

Plenty of...
good Christmassy
Reading

Glory to the Lamb!
He alone doth give us victory,
Glory to the Lamb!
Jesus ever near.

In the war, oh, hallelujah!
We will every power employ;
Lay them at the feet of Jesus,
Find in this our sweetest joy.
Calvary's love now fills each heart,
As we follow where it leads us:
Every care and fear depart,
As we go where Jesus needs us.

In the war, oh, hallelujah!
Such a chance was ne'er before;
In the Army, to the sinner,
Jesus sets an open door.
Every needed grace is here,
No excuse for those who falter;
Jesus saves from every fear,
When our all is on the altar.

Solo

OLD SONGS.

Tune.—At the Cross, at the Cross.

6 There are songs that were sung in
our ranks long ago,
And I don't like to leave them
behind;
If they're not out of date with the
tastes of to-day,
I will just bring a few to your mind.

"At the Cross, at the Cross," used to
go with a swing,
While the devil was off in despair;
Our hands they were few, so we all
used to sing,
And we felt it was good to be there.

"Praise God for what He's done for
me,"
Is just a grand old song,
The devil and me we can't agree;
And, "We'll roll the old chariot a-
long."

"There is 'Saints of God,' that good old
march,
Has many a soul inspired,
"We are marching on in the light of
God,"
That never made us tired.

Then "The ransomed of the Lord are
a happy band,"
Is a song that we sang long ago,
"We are marching through Emanuel's
land,"
And, "Say, winner, wouldn't you like
to go?"

There are many songs I shall ne'er
forget,
Their theme is ever new,
Yes, Jesus is sweet as e'er to me,
Say, is He so to you?

Major Baugh.

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